k ending November 25 1944 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

WHAT F.D.R. MEANS TO US

by A. G. Gardiner

KILLING CRIME BY KINDNESS

See Page Seven

"MAZO SAVES SOAP!"

Whitens linens—

Brightens colours—

Removes stains

MZ 9944

Selling Agents: JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

You've earned your Guinness— it'll do you good

G.E.1161A

POSITIVELY DELICIOUS

Even in wartime you can give your guests a delicious treat. Here are two unusual sandwiches, flavoured with piquant Lemco, the *original* concentrated beef extract

WORCESTERSHIRE PASTE SANDWICHES

1 part Lemco	Using knife blend the Lemco and sauce together well. Spread on one slice of lightly buttered bread. Screw with prepared and dried cress or with thin slice of unpeeled cucumber and complete the sandwich.
1 part Worcestershire sauce	
Small cress or cucumber	

MUSTARD PASTE SANDWICHES

2 parts Lemco	The mustard should not be mixed too stiffly or the flavour will be too strong. Blend Lemco and mustard with a knife. Spread on lightly buttered bread. Cover with shredded lettuce or thin slices cucumber and complete the sandwich.
1 part freshly made mustard	
Lettuce or cucumber	

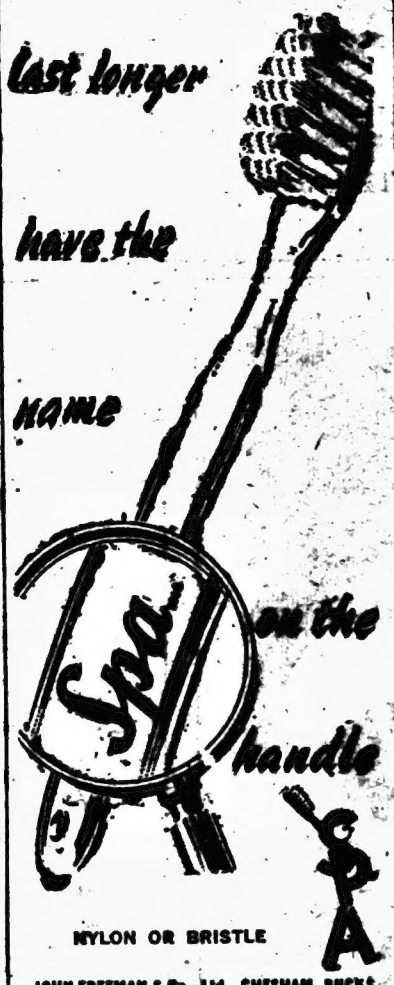
LEMCO

THE ORIGINAL

Concentrated Beef Extract

PREPARED BY OXO LTD., LONDON

Toothbrushes that last longer have the name Spa on the handle



NYLON OR BRISTLE

JOHN FREEMAN & Co., Ltd., CHESHAM, BUCKS.

FOOD FACTS

How to fool your husband

in 3 easy lessons

If your husband is a fussy feeder—if he's cross and crabbed at his cabbage—these hints, in three easy lessons, are three easy ways to make him eat his words — and his cabbage, too.

BEFORE

AFTER

1 Neat but Not Soggy

Try cooking cabbage like this: Cut cabbage in quarters and *shred* coarsely — making shreds about half an inch wide — with a sharp knife. Then cook *quickly* in about a teacupful of boiling water. Let the water boil, add salt, then drop in the shredded cabbage and cook for 10 to 15 minutes with the lid off. Drain off any remaining water and serve.

Cooked this way, cabbage is tender and succulent and the Vitamin C does not get boiled away.

2 Transatlantic Trick

Shred heart of cabbage very finely and mix thoroughly with salad dressing. Result: Cole Slaw. This is one of the most popular salads in the United States. Remember, raw cabbage is four times richer in Vitamin C than lettuce.

3 Surprise for Supper

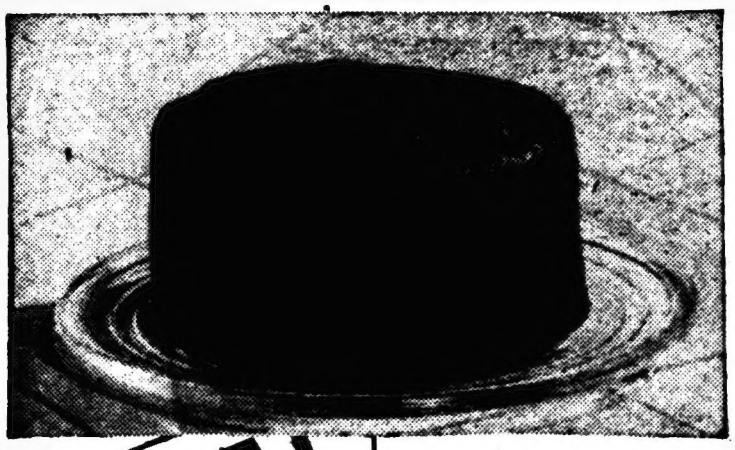
Try this: 4 sausages; 4 large cold boiled potatoes, sliced; 1 small onion or leek, chopped; mixed pickles, chopped; 4 breakfastcups shredded cabbage; salad dressing.

Boil sausages for 15 minutes. When cold, skin and slice and mix all ingredients with sufficient salad dressing to moisten. Pile in a salad bowl, decorate with tomatoes, if available, or grated raw carrot.

No husband can be expected to like boiled, mushy cabbage. So be a deceiver just for once and serve it in one of the ways given above.

NO POINTS CHANGES FOR RATION PERIOD No. 5 (Nov. 12—D

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS



COCOA still unrationed

- Can be bought everywhere
- Costs only 9½d ½ lb tin
- Nourishing and satisfying
- Makes household milk taste delicious
- The food you never have to queue for

How to make STEAMED CHOCOLATE CAKE

IN A SAUCEPAN. *1 breakfastcup Milk, 2 tablesp. Syrup, 2 oz. Margarine or Lard.*

IN A BOWL. *1 breakfastcup Self-Raising Flour, 1½ tablesp. Sugar, 1 tesp. Bicarbonate of Soda, 2 tablesp. Cocoa.*

Warm ingredients in saucepan, stirring them together. Meanwhile mix together ingredients in bowl, mix very thoroughly. See there aren't any lumps of bicarbonate left. Pour warm sauce out of pan into bowl and stir all together, adding a dessertspoonful of vinegar. Pour mixture into a greased cake tin, cover with greased paper and steam 2½ hours.

NOTE: *Using a steamer, one small gas jet will cook cake & a steamed pudding at the same time, one above the other. It takes 2½ hours.*

CADBURYS BOURNVILLE COCOA

Six Eggs a week for everybody

The new double ration of dried eggs means at least six eggs a week for everybody. This extra packet gives you a grand chance of increasing the nourishment of your family's meals. The golden powder in the brown packet has all the goodness of shell eggs, for dried eggs are fresh new-laid eggs with only the shell and water taken away. Dried eggs are easy to *get*, easy to *cook*, and easy on the *purse* as well.

SAVOURY PANCAKES

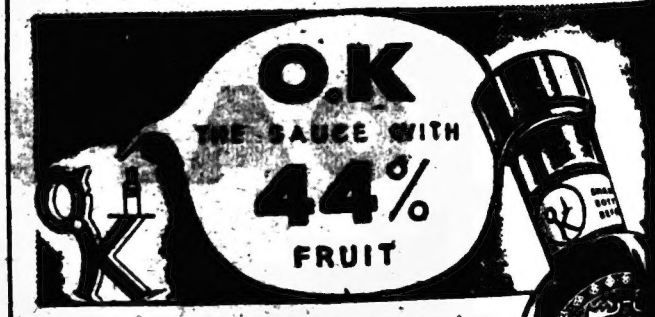
Ingredients: 4 oz. flour, a little salt, 1 dried egg (dry), ¼ a pint Household Milk (or milk and water), two tablespoons water. Savoury filling such as fried onions or cooked vegetables bound with sauce.

Quantity: 6 pancakes.

Method: Mix flour, salt and dried egg, add milk—a little at a time—and mix to a smooth batter. Beat the mixture well and cook each pancake in a little hot fat, browning it on both sides. *Cook very quickly.* Have your savoury filling ready, put a little on to each pancake while in pan. Then roll up ready to serve.

★ *You can now have two packets of dried eggs per ration book every four weeks. Children with green ration books get four packets of dried eggs every four weeks.*

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (DR.5)



Supplies, naturally, are not at peacetime levels. In some districts zoning has made O.K. Sauce unobtainable. But, the time is coming, soon we hope, when everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU

WINES WITH A NAME YOU KNOW 'BEHIND' TH

WHITEWAYS

Whiteway's Port Style Wines and British Sherry do not 'happen' to be better—they are MADE better. Infinite care is taken in their production from the time the grapes are gathered in the "Sunny South" until the wines have reached the final stage of maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon."

The 'Whiteway' Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of The Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

LIMITED SUPPLIES NOW AVAILABLE THROUGH YOUR USUAL WINE MER

Without Fear or Favour

WE MUST HAVE HOMES

JOHN BULL CORDIALLY WELCOMES the suggestion, now under Cabinet consideration, for the setting up of a Ministry of Housing.

At present, responsibility is divided between the Ministries of Health, Labour, Production, and Works. This cannot make for efficiency.

War experience has taught us that the only way to get a big job done well and quickly is to give one Department power to mobilise the country's total resources.

Again and again, JOHN BULL has placed housing as Priority Problem Number One on the Home front.

There is no time for talk or tinkering or experimenting. The need is too pressing.

Given one Boss for Housing, what steps should he take?

A first essential should be to survey existing resources—material, machinery and manpower available *now* in our own country.

We cannot afford to wait for imports. A start must be made at once.

Building 4,000,000 houses is a colossal job, but it *can be done*. The proof is: "Port Winston."

This constructional wonder of the century—a masterpiece of prefabrication—made "D-Day" possible.

WE BUILT THIS synthetic port by the total use of materials and labour available on the spot.

Houses could be built in the same way.

In fact, one specimen house has already been produced by a team of experts who helped in the improvisation of "Port Winston."

But we need a Ministry of Housing with power to throw everything we've got into this vital priority job.

Nobody said "impossible" to the grandiose building plan for invasion.

This mighty effort can and must be repeated to give our people the homes they so sorely need.

The Editor

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

New Nazi Brains in the West

German generalship has improved. Professional soldiers take a hand. Position of National Labour. American and British war propaganda. The B.B.C. and commercial broadcasting

WHILE HITLER is surrounded by dozens of contradictory rumours, one hard fact has emerged from the fighting on the Western Front.

It is that the German generalship has improved enormously since Hitler passed out of control.

There is no more nonsense. Divisions are no longer being diverted for prestige purposes. Men are not being wasted as they were just after the break-through in Normandy.

Instead, there are signs that Rundstedt's command has been stiffened by some first-class military brains. The Allies are now up against the best that the enemy General Staff can offer.

"Master Hand"?

One military expert with whom I discussed it went so far as to refer, rather dramatically, to a "master hand" behind the German defence.

But, whoever he is, it cannot delay defeat. For, despite the appalling weather, the whole western front, nearly 400 miles long, is on the move.

Ten days ago there were three attacks—the British along the Maas, the Americans against Metz, and the French in the extreme south.

To-day there is one continuous attack. The German position is desperate. In some parts of the front, notably in the Voges mountains, the ground favours the defender. But, despite this, there are Allied commanders who are convinced that the Germans will be behind the Rhine before the month is out.

Our air superiority grows greater day by day. November is a bad month in which to deploy it. But with reasonable weather the air assault in the next few weeks will be the heaviest yet known.

Hitler's Fate

Who is the man on whom the Germans are depending, faced with this shattering Allied offensive?

It is certainly not Hitler. His star has set, whatever may be his physical condition.

In Whitehall, by the way, the favourite theory is that Hitler is suffering from cerebral thrombosis—a clot on the brain.

If this is true he may not live long enough to get what he so richly deserves.

German Generals Win Again

The man generally mentioned as the new brain on the Western Front is General Siegfried Westphal. He is said to have become Rundstedt's Chief of Staff.

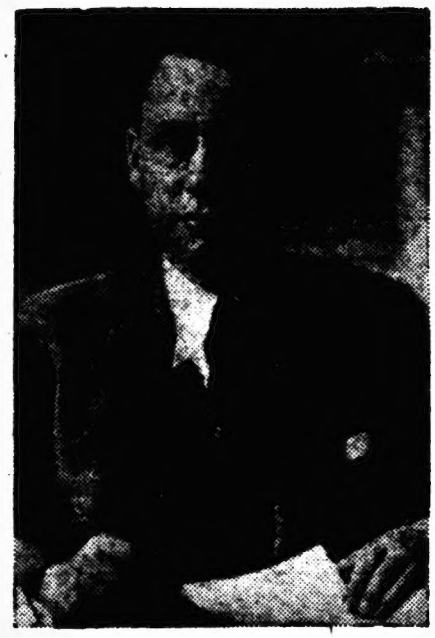
Westphal is little known outside his own country. A crack professional soldier, he belongs to the German General Staff tradition. He worked with Rommel on the attack which took the Germans to El Alamein.

He is one of what the Germans call the "War Office Colonels." They were the cream of the peace time army.

His appointment would mean victory for the generals and defeat for the Nazis. It is a further sign of the trouble which flared up during the bomb incident when Hitler was nearly killed.

Keen Soldiers, Cool Nazis

The last independent Chief of Staff in the German army was Halder. He resigned in 1942. The military rot in the German army started at about that time.



Malcolm MacDonald may find himself frozen out at election time

Zeitzler, who followed Halder, was an avowed Nazi. The other "War Office Colonels" disliked him.

Guderian, who is the present Chief of Staff and Westphal's overlord, is the greatest German tank expert.

He borrowed his ideas from General de Gaulle.

Both Guderian and Westphal are keen soldiers, but cool Nazis.

De Gaulle and Stalin

GENERAL DE GAULLE, whose revolutionary theories of tank warfare were sneered at by the Petain command, is shortly going to Moscow as guest of Marshal Stalin.

The Russians have a lively respect for fighting men. He will have a great welcome.

Whether his talks with Stalin will clear up his own problems with the French Communists is another matter.

In Moscow they tend to be cool about other peoples' Communists.

Big Three Talks

What the General will find is a man whose single-handed control over a fighting machine is without parallel in the modern world.

I am told that the recent very friendly talks between Mr. Churchill and the Marshal were repeatedly interrupted by long-distance private telephone calls from the front.

Stalin apparently exercises a direct personal supervision over the Soviet army to a degree which is extraordinary, particularly considering the size of the machine.

That is why there will be no Big Three talks in London this winter. They are more likely to be held in Southern Russia.

JB insurance

Even before "Social Security" comes Home Security, which "John Bull" offers to registered readers under the *COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS* of its *FREE INSURANCE SCHEME.*

Readers not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MacDonald's Awkward Position

WHILE DE GAULLE is moving East to Moscow, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald will soon be moving East to London.

Mr. MacDonald, who is High Commissioner in Canada, is in an awkward position politically. The way of the Party appeaser is hard.

He is giving up his official appointment in order to start his political career all over again. He will lead the handful of original MacDonaldites who still remain in Westminster.

Indiscreet and Tactless

"National Labour," when the time comes, will feel like an icicle in a heatwave. It has six Members of Parliament, men who followed the late Ramsay MacDonald over to the Tories in the contrived crisis of 1931.

At the next election it is most unlikely that the Tories will want them any more. And still more unlikely that Labour would take them back. MacDonald himself has been indiscreet and tactless.

Noel's Faux Pas

THE LATEST BRITON to be accused of indiscretion is Noel Coward.

He has been lampooned by the citizens of Brooklyn, a suburb of New York, for suggesting in a recent book that Brooklyn soldiers lacked courage.

The remark was unfortunate. Writers like Coward tend to deliver themselves in generalisations. And sometimes they hurt.

Now it is solemnly suggested that Coward should be barred from the United States.

I suggest that the Americans are losing their sense of proportion.

Anti-British Newspaper

If any barring is to be done it would be more pertinent if they started by barring the *Chicago Tribune*, which is carrying out a dirty campaign against Britain.

Some of its remarks are deliberately inflammatory. One of the sheet's recent anti-British campaigns was so wild that it even suggested that Eisenhower was a figurehead and that the American War Department was run under British domination!

Less than a fortnight ago it assured its readers that there was not one single leader of Indian opinion "of any fineness of spirit and integrity" who had not been "flogged senseless" by the British!

Brooklyn should talk about Coward!

"Over There, Over There"

TIME MARCHES ON. But sometimes it seems that the only tune it can march to is "Yankee Doodle."

I was reminded of this after an advance screening of the latest issue of that clever documentary film, "March of Time." It dealt with the liberation of Europe.

The battle, it seemed, has been an almost entirely American affair.

I do not blame "The March of Time," which is an American concern,

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

continued from preceding page

But the result is one more instance of the poorness of so much of our own propaganda.

Propaganda Means Cash

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS IS NOT an isolated instance. Pictorially, the Americans have organised this war brilliantly.

Twenty-five years ago British propaganda was the best in the world. Hitler praised it enviously in "Mein Kampf." Its methods were carefully studied by other nations after the last war.

To-day, British propaganda is like a heavyweight without a punch.

Whitehall still does not realise that bombs may win battles, but words win overseas trade markets. The publicity the Americans are getting now will be worth cash in their wage packets after the war.

Listeners Abroad

In its quiet way the British Broadcasting Corporation is doing what it can to keep our propaganda flag flying.

It is easy to sneer at the B.B.C., and some of its home programmes invite strong criticism.

But hidden in the provinces are some immensely clever producers, unknown to the public, who deliver the goods where they are most needed.

In Brazil, for instance, the B.B.C. now has the largest listening public of any foreign service, not excluding the United States. That means trade to us after the war.

Yet the men who get these results work under appalling conditions. They do their best on small budgets, with staff and casting headaches.

"Buying" Radio Stars

WITH PEACE ON THE HORIZON, the old battle between the B.B.C. and the commercial radio stations is looming up.

The case for and against commercial radio is examined on this page. Do not make the mistake of thinking that all B.B.C. programmes are bad, and all commercial ones good.

The New York night is hideous with bad radio.

"Jammed" Programmes

ONLY A FEW DAYS ago, it was announced that a team of responsible Americans was starting a non-commercial radio station.

It would appeal to the thoughtful people who have been jaded by lurid advertising slogans.

Subscribers in New York will be asked to pay the equivalent of 2½d. a day for a service uninterrupted by "commercials."

To prevent outsiders picking up the programmes some unpleasant noise would be imposed over the broadcast, and subscribers would be given a "private" filter which would eliminate the noise and enable them to enjoy their symphonies. A fine idea. If it would work.

Money Isn't Everything

Before the war I was connected with a programme which cost its sponsors £1,000 a week. This is a fantastic figure by B.B.C. standards.

There were four writers, paid about £100 a week between them, a musical arranger, a band, a small cast, and two international stars.

The result did not compare with "Itma," which costs about one-third as much. Money is not everything.

He Streamlines the Future

ONE OF THE MEN closely concerned with commercial post-war problems is Richard Lonsdale-Hands. He is busy planning the shape of things to come.

Lonsdale-Hands is an industrial designer. This profession is highly regarded in America, less known here.

He sits in a glass office on the roof of one of the tallest buildings in Central London. Here he creates streamlined things of beauty.

At present he is busy redesigning such varied commodities as biscuits, bicycles, railway engines, tractors and cinema projectors.

On the Drawing-Boards

Lonsdale-Hands, still in his early thirties, first made his name as a camouflage expert. More than a hundred people are working on the drawing-boards at his two studios.

Like most inventors, he is a visionary, but a man with definite ideas.

He thinks that the immediate years after the war will be dominated not so much by plastics as by new alloys, mostly made from aluminium.

Some of these new metals are lighter than anything we have now, and can be given delicate finishes.

I had a preview of the streamlined world that he visualises. His bicycles were indeed good-looking. His biscuits were shaped so that they looked ready to melt in the mouth.

Splinterless Windows

ANOTHER OF THE HOMELY things that may well have changed completely by the end of the war is glass.

I am told that contractors working on bomb damage sites in Southern England have been experimenting with a new splinterless transparent material.

It can take the place of ordinary commercial glass. The possibility of producing it on a large scale is being examined.

Meanwhile, the latest figures suggest that rather more than 20 per cent. of all bomb damage repairs have now been completed.

Considering the weather, the figure alone is enough to give you pneumonia.

Even so, it is better than it promised to be six weeks ago.

Removing Controls

SO WERE THE ATTENDANCE figures with which Parliament ended its latest session.

Why, when Malcolm McCorquodale wound up the demobilisation debate there were actually 92 Members in their seats.

This may not be good, but it is much better than usual.

Mr. Churchill was right in refusing to be stampeded over the abolition of controls. They will come off as conditions warrant, and not indiscriminately.

THE FREE ENTERPRISE individualists who have been clamouring that all controls should be snapped off the moment Hitler is beaten have surely little idea of the chaos which would result.

Pram Profiteer

If you lift controls haphazardly you only benefit the black market.

Meanwhile, I have just received a shocking instance of profiteering from a reader.

A woman living in Hitchin wanted to buy a pram. She advertised in a local paper and received a reply offering to sell her one.

The price was fifty guineas. . . .

Argument

SHOULD THE B.B.C. HAVE RIVALS?

Should the air, as in the U.S.A., be free for all or should radio continue to be a B.B.C. monopoly? This problem, of interest to every listener, will be hotly contested when the war is over. Here are the opposed viewpoints:

for

1. There is widespread dissatisfaction with B.B.C. programmes, but there is nothing the disgruntled listener can do as there are no competitors to whom he can tune-in.
2. The alleged freedom of the B.B.C. is all moonshine. In everything that matters, the Government of the day is in control.
3. A B.B.C. employee is a Civil Servant, who is likely to be sacked for indiscipline, divorce, or passing dud cheques—but not for putting on a dud show.
4. Under free, competitive broadcasting, advertisers would employ the best talent money could buy. And British goods would be advertised to the whole world.
5. B.B.C. listening dropped sharply as soon as competitive broadcasting started from Radio Normandie and Luxembourg.
6. No political pressure—such as drove the Priestley postscripts off the air—could kill a popular commercial radio show.
7. We could still leave news and education to a modified B.B.C. It is entertainment which a Civil Service monopoly, lacking the stimulus of commercial competition, is fundamentally unfitted to supply.

against

1. Since the number of wavelengths available is limited, completely free competition in broadcasting is impossible.
2. Our choice lies not between monopoly and free competition, but between a monopoly by a single organisation like the B.B.C. and a monopoly shared by a comparatively small number of competing stations.
3. Profit-making stations putting out advertising programmes naturally cater for the majority. The B.B.C. can consider minorities.
4. British taste will not tolerate a symphony concert interrupted by praise of some commercial article, or a boxing commentary such as: "He's making mincemeat of him—and talking of mincemeat, folks, remember Yum-Yum is the best."
5. Under commercial broadcasting the only views heard are those of people or organisations with money enough to buy time on the air.
6. Competition between B.B.C. programme builders keeps them on their toes.
7. A publicly appointed corporation which Parliament watches over, but does not rigidly control, has proved the best method of supplying all our radio needs.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

I READ THAT A miniature threshing machine which can penetrate to the most remote places has been used in Herefordshire.

It is not generally known that the Ministry of Agriculture has a special department for dealing with things of this sort. It is situated in a teeny-weeny little office in the Harebell wing of the Ministry building, and is presided over by the Fairy Clodhopper.

When the Fairy Clodhopper gets angry there is a fine to-do. Once the Second Under-Secretary from the Stony Ground department tried to make a date with her, and she turned him into a pig. When the Ministry of Food found out, she had to fill in seventeen different forms under the Potential Bacon Producers' Order.

Get Off My Foot

IN GERMANY PASSENGERS are told that if an air raid threatens women should leave the carriage by the doors, men by the windows.

In Britain we are told to lie down on the carriage floor. Which is rather like telling the sardines in a tin to take a deep breath.

Stop that Laughing

I WAS PLEASED TO hear that there is a Society for the Prevention of Disparaging Remarks About Brooklyn. Secret agents tell me that, over here, Wigan and Oswaldwistle may club together to form a similar society.

The authorities behind Wigan pier will probably back the Society heavily. They point out that their slot machines, "What the Butler Winked At" and "Paree, Oh, La La!" are just as good as those at Brighton or Blackpool. Moreover, if any comedians think Wigan is funny, let them go and see it.

Clanks from the Future

AN AMERICAN MANUFACTURER has announced the mass production of post-war houses which the firm calls "dwelling machines."

The idea of living in a "dwelling machine" fills me with horror. I imagine a mechanical box with tin roses round the door and an electric cat purring in front of a flat metal plate emanating invisible heat rays.

"Mummy, I can't get to sleep—come and wind up my bedroom."

"Won't it be wonderful, honey, when we can have a little dwelling machine all our own?"

And I suppose we shall all be singing, "Far from the Old Folks at the Dwelling Machine." Ugh!

Freeze a Jolly Good Fellow

MR. BEVIN FREEZES PLUMBERS.
Daily paper headline.

It was a plumber and his mate,
Cycling to keep a heavy date
With overflowing water pipes,
When suddenly they shouted
"Cripes!"
And in their tracks they quickly froze
While on the plumber's purpling nose
There formed a hanging icicle.
The mate fell off his bicycle
And, lying there beneath the wheel,
Turned cold and stiff and hard as steel.
Thus petrified in just a trice
They were two solid blocks of ice.
Said Bevin, "Ha! I've double-crossed 'em——
Into the mines, and then de-frost 'em.

WHAT F.D.R. MEANS TO US

S THE DESTINY of mankind the sport of chance and accident? Or is there "a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"?

A question not to be argued here. But for se who take the larger view the meeting of the Three has its significance.

Churchill. Roosevelt, Stalin. In the judgnt of history will there not seem something er than blind accident that has committed fate of the world in its deepest need to the ds of these men?

This is a moment when we can fittingly take close up" of the Three and consider what y stand for and what are the qualities that e given them an authority never wielded by n over the whole earth before.

He Radiates Victory

First, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, now wear- the unprecedented honour of a Fourth Term sident. Pronounce him, not Roosevelt, but evelt, the name, that of a Dutch village, which ancestors carried to the New World three turies ago.

There is no need to describe him. His face his certificate, and it has carried his vivid sonality like a living presence to the ends of earth.

It is the face of a man born to win confidence born to exercise power, open, friendly, and mitably cheerful.

When Josephine Daniels, the head of the erican Navy in Wilson's second dministra-, was asked why he had appointed young sevelt as his assistant, he answered jocularly, ecause he is the handsomest young fellow I e met in Washington."

It is because his good looks are lit up with sense of a boundless vitality and universal evolence that his face may be said to be his une. It radiates victory. Defeatism melts re it like snow before a south wind, and his e presence dismisses his foes to outer kness.

And he has, of course, plenty of foes. It was of him even as long ago as his second elec- that. "Everybody is against Roosevelt—*ept the electorate.*"

And everybody was still against him at his rth election—everybody, that is, who controls er—wealth, the Press, the vested interests, torrential John L. Lewis, and all who had ate axes to grind.

Always Facing Crisis

But they wilted away before hi: sovereign ety. When they sought to defeat him by ading the legend that he was tired and on brink of collapse, he toured New York in the ring rain, and, meeting his hostile Press con- nce next day, he greeted them cheerily with: ys, I've bad news for you. I haven't caught uch as a snuffle."

It is not the gaiety of bravado. It is the ression of a sunny nature, a dauntless courage an inflexible will.

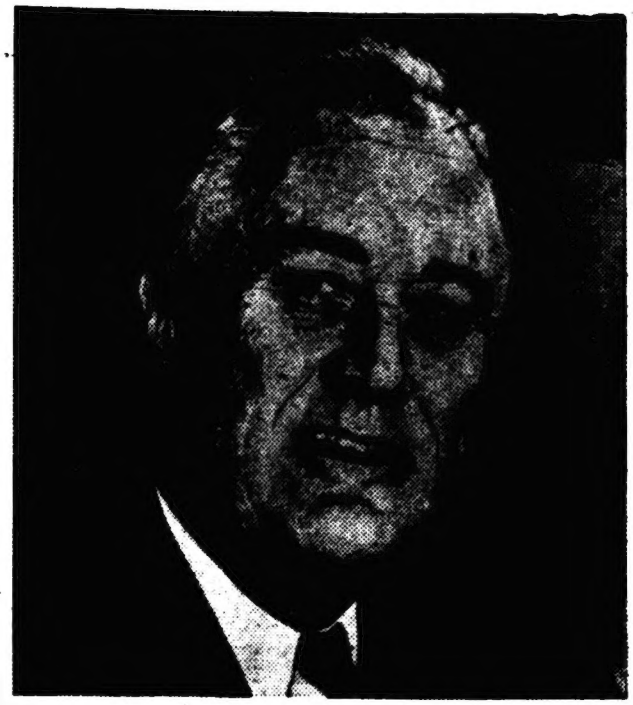
Those qualities have been displayed in his ate life no less than in his public career. way in that career he was stricken down by lamity that should have ended all thoughts public life. An unfortunate swim in the ice- water of the Bay of Fundy afflicted him with ntile paralysis.

For long he lay moveless. It was years before could shuffle along on crutches. All his life s doomed to be a cripple.

But he did not surrender. He fought the ction in private and in public. He adjusted life to the new conditions imposed on him.

Meanwhile, he prepared himself for the tre- dous burden that, unknown to him, he was ined to carry. In staging this heroic "come- ," he had the help of a devoted wife, herself osevelt, niece of the great Theodore.

He became the inspiration of the Democratic y, the Governor of New York State, and the g power of American politics.



His face is his certificate

PORTRAITS—No. 1
By A. G. GARDINER

☆ I don't need to introduce A. G. G. to JOHN BULL readers, but a word or two about the new series of articles he starts to-day will be of interest.

Long famous as a shrewd commentator on world affairs, he has written many brilliant biographical works—among them "Prophets, Priests and Kings," and "Pillars of Society."

Now, at my request, he has agreed to turn his vast experience of the great ones of the earth, and his profound human understanding, on the men of mark in 1944.

Such a writer on such a subject should help us all, I believe, to a clearer insight into the real qualities and capacities of the leaders on whom our future depends.

The Editor

Then came the Day of Judgment. The economic tornado that struck Europe and the whole world in 1930-31 brought two men and two world policies into power and into conflict. It made Roosevelt President of the United States, and Hitler dictator of Germany.

The two events occurred in the winter of 1932-33. Never had a new President, not even Lincoln in 1860, faced such a crisis as Roosevelt faced when he delivered his Inaugural on that March morning in 1933.

All America was bankrupt. The whole banking system had crumpled. Industry was dead. The agricultural world was ruined.

The rich of yesterday were beggars on the street. The unemployed numbered tens of millions. Panic swept the land.

It was the Nemesis of the reaction that had destroyed Wilson and all he stood for. Republicanism had repudiated the peace, stabbed the League of Nations, revived the deadly doctrine of "Isolationism," and plunged the country into a "get-rich-quick" stampede with all its accompaniment of inflated wealth, corruption and Harding scandals.

Now the bubble had burst. Now Roosevelt stood alone to salvage the wreck. He faced the task heroically and from a revolutionary standpoint. The speech that had made him President demanded a root-and-branch reversal of policy. It demanded a square deal for the common man.

"These unhappy times," he said, "call for the building of plans that rest upon the forgotten, the unorganised, but the indispensable units of economic power, for plans to build from the bottom up and not from the top down, that put their faith in a move in the forgotten men at the bottom of the economic pyramid."

There followed that terrific hundred days in which Roosevelt carried through the New Deal. It is not my purpose here to describe or defend that vast surgical operation.

I dare say there were flaws in it. But it stopped the rot. It steadied the nation.

It reversed the current of national policy. And America's verdict on it is implicit in the fact that, twelve years after, Roosevelt is again elected President.

Slowly Toward War

But this was only the prologue to Roosevelt's titanic task. He had been busy; but Hitler had been busier. Roosevelt saw the Nazi shadow falling over the world, and not least over America. In a great phrase in the 1936 election, he said:—

"This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny."

How, under his guidance, America has kept that rendezvous makes one of the greatest chapters in inspired statesmanship.

Roosevelt knew his Germany, knew his Hitler, knew what the rendezvous meant. He knew Nazism and hated it with the controlled fury of a noble mind.

But he also knew his America. He had to reverse the engine of foreign policy as he had reversed the engine of domestic policy.

He had to kill the dragon of Isolationism. He had to slay the Lindberghs and M'Cormicks, the Nyes and the Hamilton Fishes.

He had to convert America. He had to teach her that she was a world Power and that her existence was no less at stake than that of Britain.

And he had to do all this without appearing to take sides. He had to do it while apparently leaving America to decide her own fate.

Whether he would have succeeded but for Pearl Harbour, who can say? I doubt whether he himself could say. But all through those anxious years of hesitation he was preparing America for the ordeal.

Cash-and-Carry, the exchange of destroyers for the use of British bases, the speeches he made, the plans he set in motion for rearmament—all pointed to the same end.

And when the war came he led not only a united, but an embattled America straight into the "rendezvous with destiny." He led it, too, with that great conception of Lease-Lend which at a stroke swept the financial problem out of the path.

They Voted for the Future

It is a great story and the end is not yet. America in renewing his lease of power has justified democracy as she justified it when she re-elected Lincoln in the midst of another war eighty years ago.

The wisdom that has guided America through these dark years is now a world asset. It has rehabilitated America.

It has contributed mightily to the overthrow of the general enemy of mankind. Now it will help to lay the foundations of peace and lead the world out of the abyss into which it has collapsed.

Whatever happens, Roosevelt takes his place among the immortals. He will live with Washington and Lincoln among the august names of American history.

And I should not quarrel with those who find in him and in his illustrious career an evidence that there are other things than accident or chance which shape the destiny of mankind.

NEXT WEEK MR. GARDINER WILL DISCUSS WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Last of the German Navy

by VICTOR SCHIFF

Paris-born anti-Nazi who escaped to Britain in 1940

WITH THE END of the *Tirpitz* Germany may be written off as a naval power for the rest of the war—and for ever.

All the big units have gone now. No more can Germany threaten us with the two "unsinkable" 45,000-ton battleships *Bismarck* and *Tirpitz*, and the two 26,000-ton battle-cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*.

The last-named is still afloat in a dock near Danzig, but she is so badly damaged since her dash through the Channel from Brest that she is unlikely to take part in any further action.

The survivors of Hitler's dreams of naval power include the three 10,000-ton armoured cruisers *Prinz Eugen*, *Admiral Hipper* and *Seydlitz*. There may also be the pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer*, though nothing has been heard of her for years.

Rumours say that somewhere she shared the fate of her elder sister, *Graf Spee*, which was scuttled off Montevideo after the first famous engagement of the war.

There remain only a few 6,000-ton light cruisers, and a number of destroyers and auxiliary vessels.

Hitler's "Mighty Navy" will now be just enough for operating in the Baltic. It can cover the retreat of the *Wehrmacht's* left wing in East Prussia, and check possible offensive moves by the Soviet navy.

The growth of the German navy was one of the offsprings of the appeasement policy in pre-war years.

The Anglo-German naval agreement of 1935, which cancelled the clauses of the peace treaty, will always remain one of the riddles of that fateful period. It was the most tangible concession to Hitler's plans of aggression.

There could have been no question that Germany, stripped of overseas possessions, needed a powerful fleet for defence purposes. The navy which Hitler was already more or less secretly building at the time when it was sanctioned by the British Government, clearly reflected the aggressive spirit of the ruling German gangsters.

Their plan was for the big and medium ships to operate mainly as surface raiders, to do as much damage as possible to merchant shipping. These attacks would be intensified by the U-boats, which Hitler began to produce even before 1939, in defiance of the 1935 agreement.

BUT THE PLAN failed. True, it caused many losses to the merchant navies, and some to the fighting fleets of the Allies.

Royal Oak, *Glorious*, *Barham*, and *Ark Royal* were among the chief victims of the U-boats.

For a time the Battle of the Atlantic caused real anxiety. But it was never likely that U-boats, which had failed in the last conflict, would decide the outcome of the second world war.

To-day the U-boat flotillas, or what remains of them, have lost their main lairs on the Atlantic coast.

And for all practical purposes Hitler's navy no longer counts in this war.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. J. Arthur Rank,

British Film Chief

DEAR MR. RANK,—For years I have waited for some spirited move in this country not only to counter Hollywood domination of the film world, but also to challenge that domination in America itself.

Now, at long last, you have made that move. Reports from the other side that you are considering buying a site in New York for your own cinema to provide a "shop window" for British films make heartening reading.

The war has proved that British producers *can* make great films—great on any international standards; and it has proved, too, that the world wants to see those films.

I don't suppose your plan to invade New York has disturbed unduly the Hollywood screen chiefs. But it will certainly make them think. And that in itself is no mean achievement.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P.,

President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. DALTON,—The Government has apparently decided against holding a public inquiry into the operation of cartels, with their suggestions of links between British and foreign firms in restrictive agreements.

Is this decision a wise one? I think not.

When a concern gets so big that it exercises a virtual monopoly in a particular field, its power should be exercised only for the greatest good of the greatest number.

I want to make sure that that is always so with any British cartels.

As it is, I am not convinced that the grip of the cartels is being lessened. On the contrary. The recent report by the Select Committee of National Expenditure says specifically that the operation of controls on the chemical industry has tended to increase rather than diminish the influence of the big combines.

Such statements may or may not contain a dangerous implication. At least they should be publicly investigated. —JOHN BULL.

Dr. H. Guy Dain,

Chairman, B.M.A. Council

DEAR DR. DAIN,—The British Medical Association Conference, which, in the absence through illness of the President, you will guide and control early next month, is, perhaps, the most momentous in our medical history.

For the chief discussion will centre—rage may prove the better word—around the Government's plan for a National Health Service, and the outcome of the debate will be whether or not the 40,000 doctors of the B.M.A. accept or reject the scheme as outlined in the White Paper.

Now, I am not primarily concerned with doctors as a whole. They are capable of looking after themselves; and I have little doubt that many are determined to do so without studying the interests of those more important than doctors—the millions of patients whose future well-depends on the scheme.

You are not one of those doctors.

In speeches you have made recently up and down country debating the issues involved in the National Health Service plan, you have—constantly stressed one note, have repeatedly urged your fellow-doctors to bear it always in mind. It is: "WE MUST CONSIDER OUR PATIENTS FIRST."

Controversy over the State scheme has tended to develop into one between the medical profession and the threat of bureaucratic control, with the neglected patient as a pawn in a struggle for control.

This is not only wrong; it is stupid. The first duty of the doctor is to his patient. If he neglects that duty he ceases to be a good doctor and ceases to be a worthy member of a highly honourable profession.

May I hope that you will keep this issue constantly before next month's conference? There are perils to the patient in the scheme as at present proposed. They are veiled perils which, *if not exposed and stamped out now, may interfere with the liberty of every one of us.*

Medicine and medical care run on Red-Tape lines must not commend themselves to no one except Whitehall and the Civil Service. An over-all bureaucratic control of both doctors and patients must be resisted with all our power.

If the doctors can suggest a way to avoid such control and yet retain the many progressive virtues of the National Health Service plan, they will render a great service not only to themselves but to patients who to-day are as helpless children stumbling in the dark.—JOHN BULL.

Jeffrey Hamm,

Harlesden, Middlesex

DEAR HAMM (and what a Ham you are!).—You can thank whatever gods may be for the good-natured tolerance of the people of Britain.

You, an ex-member of the late unlamented British Union of Fascists, had the temerity to speak in Hyde Park about the rights of disabled ex-Servicemen and women.

Your League of ex-Servicemen and Women, of which you are "Director of Policy," is one of the most impudent organisations that anyone ever tried to impose on the long-suffering British public.

They don't want anything to do with anyone who was ever associated with Mosley's thugs and blackshirts, even if he has served, as you have done, in the Army. And they don't want any ex-detainee like yourself to point where their duties lie.

Take a tip from me and leave public speaking to those worth listening to. There is a limit even to British patience and tolerance.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Laughing at Ourselves

BEWARE OF BECOMING a prig. The dictionary says a prig is a "conceited" person. But there is a much more devastating description of a prig than that.

Someone once said that "a prig is a pompous fool who has gone out for a ceremonial walk and, without knowing it, has lost an important part of his attire—namely, his sense of humour."

You wouldn't like that said about you, would you? Yet to become a prig, almost unconsciously, is terribly easy. All you have to do is to become very touchy, very sensitive to what other people are thinking about you.

Perhaps it would be better to say, "sensitive about what *you think* people are thinking about you," for the truth nearly always is that they are far too occupied with their own affairs to think about you. Of course, one couldn't expect a full-blown prig to believe that—it would make him feel so unimportant.

The great writer Thomas Carlyle called laughter "The cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man." Do you remember that scene in the late Leslie Howard's film, "Pimpernel Smith," where the solemn Nazi chief read out bits of typical English humour and could find nothing funny in them?

That's so true of the Germans. They haven't got what any of us would recognise as a sense of humour.

It's a temptation to think that Britain's real secret weapon, the thing that makes her invincible, is her sense of humour.

Almost alone in the world, she can laugh at herself and enjoy the joke. It's an invaluable ability for each of us, just as much as it is for a nation.

As long as you can laugh at your own sillinesses, your own mistakes, your own discomforts, and can see the funny side of life as it affects *you*, no one will be able to call you "a pompous fool and a prig."

ALMOST EVE
tains re
cases in
are placed "
may imagine t
sort of trial pe
person must b
We may peri
where in the
officials called P
job it is to supe
on probation. P
Details of thei
public—yet it i
encouraging asp
to deal with the
Reports from
human docume
great importanc
not as a stern
but as an attem
majority of the
might, without
become habitual
The work of P
pletely justified
total cases exa
gress was reco
In just under
were fair, while
cases the pers
mitted another
the probation pe

Stole

In normal tim
has a difficult
time his proble
Typical of the
war conditions i
year-old boy w
stealing and was
His father was
his mother. All
were in the For
the offence he
wanted to get i
He found in
man who really
The officer's
show what symp
"This boy," t
"will make goo
the Services. H
larly, and is cau
back at his old
called up."
Some time la
second report.
Services and
dangerous work
every moment o
siderably since
because of his
that the Probati

Real Fri

That was a fai
There are other
they clearly show
succeed because
cases of genuine
A man aged t
five children, wit
was discharged
a few months.
ated to such an
go back to his o
When eventu
to take a job h
workshop where
to pay off some
He was put o
conditions being
restitution to his
of £5.
The Probation
that he was a s
mined to help
through his trou
"This family

KILLING CRIME BY KINDNESS

The title "Probation Officer" may sound cold and impersonal but this article discusses the work of these friendly men and women as it really is and demonstrates the conquest of evil by human understanding

by DAVID J. MURPHY

ALMOST EVERY NEWSPAPER contains reports of policecourt cases in which the offenders are placed "on probation." We may imagine that probation is some sort of trial period during which the person must behave.

We may perhaps know that somewhere in the background there are officials called Probation Officers, whose job it is to supervise offenders who are on probation. But that is all.

Details of their work rarely reach the public—yet it is the most human and encouraging aspect of all the attempts to deal with the problem of crime.

Reports from Probation Officers are human documents. And they are of great importance. They show the law, not as a stern process of punishment, but as an attempt to redeem those—the majority of them first offenders—who might, without sympathetic handling, become habitual criminals.

The work of Probation Officers is completely justified by results. Out of the total cases examined, satisfactory progress was recorded in 73 per cent.

In just under 20 per cent. the results were fair, while in only 7 per cent. of cases the persons on probation committed another offence before the end of the probation period.

Stole to Pay Rent

In normal times the Probation Officer has a difficult enough job, but in wartime his problems are vastly increased.

Typical of the unsettlement caused by war conditions is the case of a seventeen-year-old boy who was charged with stealing and was placed on probation.

His father was dead, and he lived with his mother. All his brothers and sisters were in the Forces, and at the time of the offence he was restless because he wanted to get into the R.A.F.

He found in the Probation Officer a man who really understood his problem.

The officer's reports on his progress show what sympathetic handling does.

"This boy," the first report declared, "will make good as soon as he enters the Services. He comes to see me regularly, and is causing no trouble. He is back at his old job, but is longing to be called up."

Some time later the officer made a second report. "He is now in the Services and engaged in extremely dangerous work—but he seems to love every moment of it. He has grown considerably since I last saw him, and because of his progress I now suggest that the Probation Order be discharged."

Real Friend in Hardship

That was a fairly straightforward case. There are others more complicated, but they clearly show that Probation Officers succeed because they are real friends in cases of genuine hardship.

A man aged thirty-five, the father of five children, with another one expected, was discharged from the Services after a few months. His health had deteriorated to such an extent that he could not go back to his old job.

When eventually he felt fit enough to take a job he stole goods from the workshop where he was engaged in order to pay off some arrears of rent.

He was put on probation, one of the conditions being that he should make restitution to his employers to the extent of £5.

The Probation Officer's report shows that he was a sympathetic friend determined to help that ex-Serviceman through his troubles.

"This family has had a very difficult time," the first report read, "and, in addition to the man's wife expecting a baby, the youngest child has been in hospital and on the danger list. I am doing what I can to help the family, and I have seen their landlord, who is very understanding."

The Earl of Feversham, 38-year-old President of the National Association of Probation Officers, now an Army Major serving in Europe

Three months later the Probation Officer reported: "The family's position is now improving. I have been able to help them further, and the man seems to me to be making every effort to restore their fortunes. He has repaid 30s. out of the £5 owing as restitution. I am convinced that this is a really genuine case of hardship, and I do not think that there is any risk of further trouble."

Similar helpfulness was shown in the case of a man of over fifty, who was charged with theft. Wounded in the last war, he was in receipt of a pension. He had been a skilled engineer, but for years had drifted from job to job and, when his wife left him for another man, had just let things slide.

"This man feels that no one is interested in him," the first report stated, "and I had some difficulty in winning his confidence. Now, however, he is definitely improving, and I have found him an outdoor job that seems to suit him."

Three months later the Probation Officer was able to report further progress. "I discovered that he had relatives still living, and I enlisted their co-operation. They have proved most anxious to help him, and I now have no fears about his future."

Great tact and understanding is shown by the women Probation Officers who deal with female probationers.

A girl, aged eighteen, was charged with shoplifting. She was placed on probation and ordered to join a youth organisation.

"There have been some difficulties about reporting," the woman Probation Officer first stated, "but this has undoubtedly been due to air raids. She is inclined to be headstrong, and the raids have made it difficult for me to insist upon her regular attendance at the Youth Centre."

Three months later, reporting on the same girl, the Probation Officer wrote: "She has acquired a boy friend—an American airman of very steady habits. She now seems quite content to spend her evenings at home with him, and her parents are very much impressed by him. She seems very anxious to marry him, but I have seen her father and pointed out to him that she is still too young. He agrees with me and I do not think that there will be a hasty wedding. In all other respects she has made very satisfactory progress."

Drifted into Bad Company

Marriage can sometimes work a transformation. A young man of twenty was charged with theft. At the time of the offence he was engaged to be married, but had fallen out with his fiancée and had drifted into bad company.

The first report stated: "I persuaded him to see his fiancée again and they were very quickly reconciled. Within a few weeks they were married and the man has visibly improved."

There were several further reports and then—most revealing of all—the final commentary.

"His wife recently had a son," it read, "and he is extremely proud of the child. It would be difficult to find a case in which domestic responsibilities could have had a more sobering and steadying effect."

While the war has brought many new problems, it has in some cases actually been the means of transforming boys' lives.

Charged with housebreaking, a ten-year-old boy was put in the care of the Probation Officer. After being seen regularly for some time, he was evacuated to Yorkshire. The Probation Officer's finial report tells its own story.

"He was sent to the home of middle-aged Yorkshire folk who had brought up a large family of their own. They knew how to control him and he is now a different child. The reports of him which reach me speak most highly of him and I understand that his new-found friends are anxious to adopt him."

Country Life Cured Him

In another case, a fourteen-year-old boy was on probation when he committed a further offence. A fresh Order was made, and soon after the boy was evacuated to the country.

"The latest information I have received from the small country town to which this boy, and the whole family, have been evacuated," the Probation Officer reported, "indicates that the change has worked wonders. The boy is now free to roam the countryside, and a local farmer already wants to employ him. It does not appear as if this family will ever come back from the country.'

The war-time development of such youth organisations as the Air Training Corps and the Girls' Training Corps has also helped considerably.

Mary, aged fifteen, was wild and uncontrollable. She eventually broke the law—malicious damage was the charge—and was put on probation with a condition that she should join a youth organisation.

When the woman Probation Officer first took her in hand she found Mary as unmanageable as a wild cat. Then she joined the Girls' Training Corps, very much under protest, and suddenly found a new interest in life.

A few weeks later Mary was a changed girl. She was one of the keenest members of her G.T.C. unit. "I do not anticipate any further trouble with her," the Probation Officer reported.

Seeing Good Points

The good that lies dormant in many women on probation is illustrated by the case of a thirty-eight-year-old married woman who was charged with attempting to obtain an extra ration book to which she was not entitled. She was put on probation for two years.

Three months later there was this comment in the report: "Continuing to make excellent progress. She was also involved, quite recently, in the care of a baby at the same house in which she lives. The child's mother was dangerously ill for a long period, and during that time the probationer devoted every spare moment she had to nursing both the baby and the sick mother. I am informed that this care played a major part in the mother's recovery."

Trust the Probation Officers never to overlook the good points in a person. They succeed because they refuse to despair of human nature. They can see, even in apparently hopeless cases, potentially useful citizens. They have proved that crime can be fought—and conquered—by kindness.

Your New Life

DISCOVERIES IN PLASTICS

MENTION OF PLASTICS used to mean moulded articles like ash-trays, but such simple things are almost primeval compared with the newest examples of plastic art.

Here is one startling innovation. Plastic objects can be plated with decorative metals, from gold to cheap alloys. The process forces the plating into the very substance of the plastic. There is no peeling off in use.

You see the possibilities? Decorative jewellery, wonderful new untarnishable buttons, door-handles, room-fittings, small pieces of furniture—all apparently of gold, silver or other metal. In fact, they are made of indestructible mouldings produced by the plastic artist and then plated.

The marvel doesn't stop there. Another type of plastic has been produced in threads of every possible colour and density. From these can be woven glistening new fabrics in lovely patterns for your curtains and upholstery. Even sheets can be made of this plastic thread.

And, best news of all for housewives, these new fabrics, being non-absorbent, cannot stain. H. H.

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS

IMPRESSION BY GEORGE WHITELAW

SIGNS OF UNEMPLOYMENT already loom up threateningly. . . . Clement Davies, K.C., M.P., tells me how a big manufacturer called on him to say that he was compelled to lay off 1,500 workers in two days' time because Government orders had stopped.

An editor of my acquaintance who advertised for a secretary a week ago had over a hundred applications for the job—mostly from women, I expect, who feared early loss of work—and, in answer to an advertisement for an "office boy in a newspaper office," two replies from ex-soldiers!

London's Heroes

Then the change in the fire-watching Order induced a business house to sack, with a week's notice, three men who had battled with the flames and the bombs for four years for £5 a week.

They were thrown suddenly into unemployment without thanks by a firm that was spending £2,000 on a new board-room!

Beveridge Insulted

IS PUBLIC SERVICE APPRECIATED? Before Sir William Beveridge sent to Whitehall a report on Social Security that he had made at the request of the Minister of Reconstruction, himself ignominously sacked by then, he had spent many weeks of unceasing, and unpaid, labour on it.

Yet all he received, in reply, was a three-line acknowledgment, formally official.

No Minister consulted him, or asked him a question. Except by the masses, he was ignored! The Government merely stole his ideas.

Only in a maiden speech that was an unparalleled triumph did the Cabinet hear his first utterance on a scheme that made history, one that he, with the help of Labour, had forced on reluctant Toryism.

So, while Noel Coward is flattered by overseas toadies, is Greatness insulted!

Simon Snubbed

Nor, I heard only this week, did Sir John Simon fare better after he had written out, with endless pains, his report on India after a tour that took months in which he could have earned at the Bar £20,000

The report was printed at the public expense. But not one Member of the Cabinet ever said a word to him about it. He did not even get three lines of cold acknowledgment. The report was shelved.

Think of the fuss that was made of Shirley Temple!

The Patriarch

G. B. S.'s new book, "Everybody's Political What's What," is being more widely read by M.P.s and students of politics than any volume published for years. Even though he is eighty-eight—it was as long ago as 1905 that I heard him lecture, with a blackboard, on "The Theory of Rent," to a small class—Shaw is teaching the experts!

Yet, by a paradox, a member of the newly formed Shaw Society dismissed it with the words, "The old man's rambling on too much!"

The friend to whom these words were used consider's Shaw's books the last word in wisdom. . . "He seems to know everything," he says.

Unlucky Day

THEY FOUNDED THE Jewish Dominion of Palestine League, with Lord Strabolgi as president and with the object of giving Palestine full Dominion status, on a most unfortunate day—that on which Lord Moyne was murdered by two fanatical Jews.

In 1928, a similar society had as founders Josh Wedgwood, John Buchan, afterwards Lord Tweedsmuir, Sir Martin Conway and Sir Robert Hamilton, and two others—Strabolgi and the Marquis of Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire.

"We believe we can form a bridge between the Arab and Jewish branches of the Semitic race, one that will end the present disturbances between the extremists on both sides," said Strabolgi, "and also a bridge between Zionists and anti-Zionist Jews.

"Many Arabs outside the ranks of the professional agitators—especially those who already work with the Jews in the trade unions—would support us."

Islam's First Reply

Soon after he spoke, however, several representative Arabs in London declared that even talk of an all-Jewish State in the midst of Arab countries now thinking seriously of federation would create trouble that was "unthinkable."

"Such a thing would cause, once again, much bloodshed in the Holy Land," said one, "and for that Great Britain would be responsible."

The Glamour Boys

TORIES ARE CHOOSING candidates in a way that should warn Labour about the need for replacing, with Servicemen, the old trade unionists whose retirement from the House is overdue.

Among the young men who will stand as Conservative is young Max Aitken, who is the son and heir of Lord Beaverbrook, and who, when little more than a boy, was nominally responsible for the *Daily Express*.

His record in the Battle of Britain—he led his squadron of the 'planes his father was making—was a brilliantly heroic one.

It is these glamour boys who, following "The Man Who Won The War," as they will call Winston, expect to capture the women's vote.

Our Profiteers

BELGIUM, BY CHANGING its paper currency, wiped out the fortunes made in its war time black markets.

Here, such fortunes have been made that one man who, before the war, had nothing, puts £1,000 on a dog-race.

Another, taking advantage of the boom in horseflesh, had made nearly £130,000 in little more than three years. Out of a carcase costing £5 he has usually profited by £75, often selling it for resale in a restaurant as beef.

In the North, the black market in cloth has enriched men who still use a few coupons to cover trade in thousands of yards.

From Ruskin College, Oxford, came Ebby Edwards, Trades Union Leader

A peace time evening in the common room at Co[illegible]rlech. studying economics at the Welsh College for Res[illegible] Adult

THEY LEARN AN[illegible]

We only learn what we want to study most after the age of eight[illegible]rites

EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY! The phrase is on all our lips, but do we all realise what it implies?

We can be certain on one point. Unless we know what we are talking about, and have the courage to admit where we fall short of the progress which the words signify, we are doomed.

We are an intelligent people. But we are not educated.

There is a plan for keeping everybody in touch with education until the age of eighteen. But the intellectual life of most men and women only comes to maturity after this age. The fundamental concerns of the good citizen—politics, sociology, economics, psychology and religion—are only appreciated after we have been out in the world.

The Extra-mural Departments of the Universities, the Workers' Educational Association, the Adult Schools and other agencies do excellent work, but they mostly provide evening classes, which have serious handicaps. The student frequently arrives tired or worried by domestic troubles. He takes his education in widely spaced doses.

Started by Private Enterprise

The People's Colleges for Resident Adult Education, little known to the general public, provide institutions in which the worker can follow a course of study unhampered by the carking cares of daily life, and can breathe the air of those mental amenities which were formerly the closed preserve of the rich.

At present there are nine of these colleges in Britain, although during the war only two, Hilcroft, for women, at Surbiton, Surrey, and Woodbrooke at Birmingham, are functioning normally.

They were all founded privately by enthusiastic educationists at different dates. The best known are Ruskin College, Oxford, founded in 1899; the Co-operative College, Manchester, 1919; Coleg Harlech, in Wales, 1927, and Newbattle Abbey, Dalkeith, 1937.

Here, in comfortable and restful surroundings, workers pursuing occupations as diverse as coal-mining, engineering, textiles, shipbuilding, clerical work, transport, agriculture and the distributive trades, live a communal life and widen the range of the intellect and the imagination.

There are many men in public life who have graduated from these colleges. From Ruskin College alone come Ebby Edwards, last year's chairman of the Trades Union Council; Arthur Jenkins, M.P. for Pontypool and a member of the Royal Commission for Licensing. Frank Lawson, who was Parliamentary [illegible]e-tary to the War Office and, sinc[illegible]9, Deputy Regional Commissioner fo[illegible]il Defence, Northern Region.

The colleges are excellently eq[illegible]d. All stand in their own grounds an[illegible]e gardens. There are well-s[illegible]ed libraries, spacious lecture-room[illegible]d large halls in which plays can b[illegible]o-duced and discussions held. Stud[illegible]d-rooms give the student that se[illegible]n which is necessary for study.

Hint to Employers

Students emerge from their [illegible]es with a quickening of their intell[illegible]e, the habit of seeing things in pers[illegible]e and proportion and with an in[illegible]ed understanding of the duties and [illegible]i-leges of citizenship in a well-run [illegible]n world.

Why are there so few of these [illegible]es and why are their activities so sh[illegible]ed in silence? The answer is simple. [illegible]til 1919 none of them enjoyed anyth[illegible]in the shape of a Government gran[illegible]ey could not afford the outlay necess[illegible]or keeping their programmes befo[illegible]he public eye.

Entrance scholarships have be[illegible]w, often insufficient in amount.

Employers, on the whole, have n[illegible]en helpful. They have refused to [illegible]a long-sighted view. They have [illegible]ed the temporary absence from wo[illegible]ot realising the all-round benefi[illegible]at accrues to a firm when workers ha[illegible]en taught to take an intelligent inte[illegible]in what they are doing and see their [illegible]in relation to the needs of the who[illegible]m-munity.

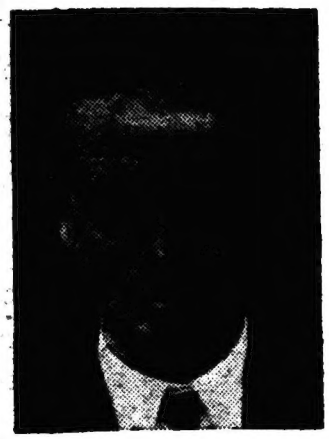
Invest in Good Citizensh[illegible]

The Bournville Works Counc[illegible]as already offered many part-time s[illegible]r-ships, some of which are held at [illegible]oft College, which provide classes f[illegible]en and women from neighbouring f[illegible]es on two half-days a week. F[illegible]er, arrangements are made by the f[illegible]or holders of these scholarships to [illegible]te one half-day a week to private s[illegible]in a room set aside for this purpose.

Through war work millions of [illegible]le, formerly living isolated lives, ha[illegible]en introduced to some form of reside[illegible]ult education in the wide sense.

The mere fact of being soldier[illegible]or or airman involves the necessity o[illegible]ng down one's individuality to ens[illegible]he efficiency of the group Special [illegible]ng courses mean improved knowle[illegible]nd capacity gained in company with[illegible]rs. Among civilians, thousands [illegible]ve passed through the Ministry of [illegible]ur Training Centres. The Ministry [illegible]od

arlech. Students Adult Education



Also a graduate of Ruskin, Arthur Jenkins, M.P. for Pontypool, Monmouth

D LIKE IT

rites BERNARD BROMAGE, M.A.

sends its employees to study statistics at Cambridge. The London and North Eastern Railway has recently opened a college in Hertfordshire where newly joined clerks receive training. The Service of Youth, inaugurated by the Government in 1939, ensures that a number of young people undergo residential courses as a preparation for youth leadership.

If public money can be spent on training in time of war, why, the intelligent citizen will ask, cannot the same be extended into times of peace?

After the war, what are we to do with the energies of returning young men and women intellectually unprepared for peace? A course at a residential college is the solution.

The problem of building is not insoluble. There are military huts and ordnance hostels which can be used for progressive education. There are large country houses which their present owners will be unable to maintain. Prefabricated units of varied design can be erected in a matter of days.

A Change for Teachers

Provision must be made for married couples. The habit of rushing home at week-ends is not conducive to methodical study. Indeed, no arrangement could be happier than for husband and wife to settle down to a course of study together. All should take their share of necessary housework, but labour-saving devices should reduce it to a minimum.

It would seem that the first post-war need is for short courses varying from a week to a month at which students can obtain an introduction to subjects which attract them.

Later there should be three types of college—one for advanced students in which the instruction is largely individual, a second intermediate one concentrating on discussion-groups and committee technique, and a third of an introductory nature.

The question of staffing should not be difficult. In war time thousands have proved their competence as instructors. Experienced hotel managers could tackle the administrative side. Many professional teachers would welcome a transfer from children's schools to centres where they would find scope for more mature work.

Such adult colleges are a gilt-edged security for any Government wise enough to sponsor their foundation. They make a real democracy in miniature which can act as a corrective and an inspiration to the world at large.

THE BOOK THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

One hundred years ago Friedrich Engels wrote a remarkable book savagely exposing the terrible poverty of the British workers. Reform after reform have abolished the conditions he attacked

by CONNERY CHAPPELL

THE MAN SPOKE very halting English and he made few friends. Huddled up in thick clothes, he was a regular traveller on the line from London to Manchester. He made notes of everything he saw.

He was desperately eager. He studied the newspaper files in the museums, and sat up at night slowly reading the new Government reports as they came out.

People who knew him said he was a pleasant enough young fellow and a lucky one. His father, back in Germany, had a lot of money, and the boy was able to travel about Britain looking after the family cotton interests. It was a good position. It took him into all the best offices.

His acquaintances paid little or no attention to the young man's ideas. Most of them were quite unaware that he had any. Ideas of his sort were not in great demand in England one hundred years ago, anyway.

Certainly they did not know that he was writing a book.

Yet that book played an immense part in the world.

It is now exactly one hundred years since it was written—as is shown by its title, "The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844."

Journey to Paris

The author was young Friedrich Engels. He was later to become famous—or notorious—as the friend and collaborator of Karl Marx.

Engels' book about the working-classes of a century ago has had a remarkable history. To begin with, it indirectly played a most important part in the history of its day.

It was written in German, in note-books which Engels carried round with him on his railway journeys. It was published in German.

Forty years later it was published in America. Not for nearly fifty years did it appear in the country about which it was written. It is doubtful if one person in a million had even heard of it.

By then it had become part of the history of its day.

Yet, before it was first published, Engels went to Paris and met the exiled Karl Marx. The friendship that was to mould their two lives began with a heavy philosophical discussion. They agreed on everything: David had met Jonathan.

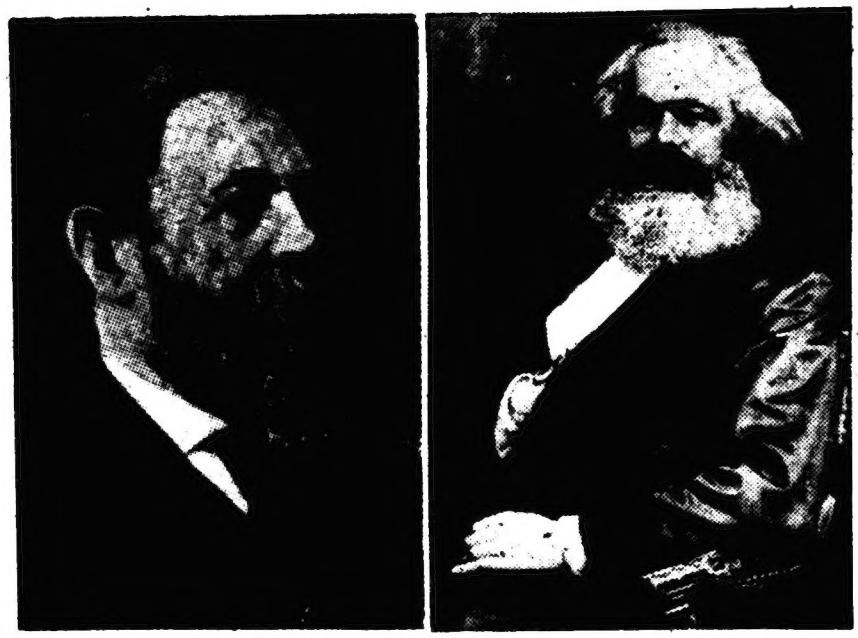
Marx read the manuscript. Its author was only twenty-four—he was born one hundred and twenty four years ago this coming week—but his book contained the real stuff, the bricks and mortar of the society which it examined. Marx recognised the author's talent.

London's Raw Material

In due course Marx came to live in London, to spend his days between Soho and the reading-room of the British Museum.

Few Londoners knew of him, fewer still understood what sort of a man he was. He was desperately poor and London was an unlovely place.

In the lonely years which followed, Marx had one man as friend, as collaborator, and as patron. That man was Engels, his disciple. He kept Marx going with money when the philosopher's meagre resources ran out—which was often.



Friedrich Engels and Karl Marx were lifelong friends and collaborators. They first met in Paris in 1844 and became inseparables. Engels helped Marx in some of his heaviest works

The friendship between the two men became historic. To-day Engels is hardly ever considered, except in relation to Marx. The pair had a perfect understanding.

So the published writings of Marx, including his great work, "Kapital," are in part the works of Engels.

The remarkable partnership lasted until Marx died, sixty-one years ago. It dominated the lives of both men. It produced the Communist Manifesto.

To-day the book which started it all makes strange reading. It is out of print to-day, but it tells a story which shows what a remarkable improvement has been made in a century of trades unionism.

Young and restless, eager to probe into every nook and corner in search of material, Engels began his study of the working-classes in the slums of London.

No Time for Sad Songs

He loved London, but he hated St. Giles and its neighbourhood. The streets around Seven Dials contained some of the most awful poverty in the country, while half a mile away there was a different world of grace and luxury.

With the zeal of the pioneer, Engels made notes about rents, discussed incomes, worked out that slums were making big profits. He attended inquests, went to criminal courts, found out about workhouses and prisons.

He went north to Liverpool, where his restless note-books were filled with damning facts. He discovered that 45,000 people lived in the cellars of the town.

He wandered all over the north, from Nottingham to Sheffield. He found worse conditions in Glasgow than anywhere else.

But it was Manchester which chiefly attracted his attention. His family owned a factory near there, and he knew the place better than anywhere else.

For weeks he examined the ramshackle, sooty towns of the cotton country, produced figures about disease, studied cholera epidemics and working conditions. Nothing seemed to escape his pen.

In Liverpool he unearthed some terrible facts. He discovered that the average life of the wealthier people was thirty-five years, of the handicraftsmen twenty-two years, and of the day labourers and the operatives, only fifteen years.

In Glasgow he discovered that one building in every ten was a public-house and he produced some fearful statistics about drunkenness. Crime took his attention, and he found some shocking figures of the way it was increasing.

Back he came to London, and this intense young man of twenty-four started investigating the child labour market. Then he toured the dress-making establishments, where girls sweated at their stitching under terrible conditions

Patronisingly, he wrote of Thomas Hood, the poet who sang "The Song of the Shirt," which tried to help the sewing girls. Hood, he said, was full of human feeling, but "wanting in mental energy." Engels had no time for sentimentalists.

So he went on. He examined the mining industry and the frightful conditions which were to be found in it. He left nothing unsought and unsaid.

No wonder, when Marx saw the manuscript, that he was impressed. It was an astonishing feat for so young a man.

Reforms Outran the Book

To-day the book is forgotten. It is one hundred years out of date. Reform after reform swept away the horrors which Engels attacked so bitterly.

The workers whom he championed learned to look after themselves. The great trades union movements later in the century enabled them to take a full part in the national life.

So, when it was published in England fifty years later, it attracted little attention at first. But it was one of the things which led to a friendship that made history. It was a book that shook the world.

HN BULL Short Story

MONEY GOES BEGGING

by MARK DIVER

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT TURRALL

It did not take me long to realise that here was a man who saw the best in everything

ou'd think it would e easy to give way twenty thou- nd pounds. But wasn't. Then rthur Crawley epped in and he eemed the ideal erson to have it— til he disappeared

AVE YOU EVER TRIED to give twenty thousand pounds away? I tried it once. It sounds easy gh, but it's not so easy as it nds. Oh, no.

r instance, you cannot very well the first person you meet in the t and say, "Here's twenty thousand ds! Take it—do what you like with 's all for you—no conditions."

least, that's how it seemed to me. o much, perhaps, because the other would be unlikely to accept it (I most people would jump at the ce), but because he would be very ely to *deserve* it.

ere's the rub. Most people would twenty thousand pounds. Some e would *need* it, maybe. But how would *deserve* it?

on't know that I deserved it myself. tainly never wanted all the money de. And as for needing it—well, lways been a man of very simple s, with no desire for Society or fine es or a swagger mansion.

ought to explain that I'd been born or less in the gutter in a provincial , and none of my family before me ever had more than a living wage. had not had even that.

money had come to me partly gh hard work and partly through and by the time I was middle-aged didn't know what to do with it. I only let it accumulate.

e day, then, I decided to lighten the by giving twenty thousand of it . If I could find anybody who ed it and deserved it.

t, as I've said, that's not so easy as unds.

began in the first place to try to my deserving case by pumping le, without giving them any idea as hat I was after.

What," I used to ask, "would *you* with twenty thousand pounds if enly it came your way?"

got the most astonishing answers— t all the kind of answers I expected. ere was Jones, for example; a st little clerk in a wholesale dry- s firm, a man I met often and who no idea that I had even fifty pounds bless myself with—for I always ed and looked like a nobody, and people would have taken me for odest little clerk myself.

TLE JONES. A really nice chap. He a humdrum life in a humdrum rb, digging in his small garden and ing about two ounces a week. An nificant little chap, but you couldn't liking him. At least, I couldn't.

til I suggested the twenty thousand ds to him.

en what do you think?

ny, even the very question seemed lter his nature. I suddenly dis- red that humdrum little Jones, *nice* Jones, as decent a little chap as could hope to meet (or so he ared to be), didn't really care a straw for such things as a better education for his children or a little more comfort for his poorer relations or anything like that.

"I'd chuck up my job," he said, "and go to Monte Carlo (this was when there was a Monte Carlo worth going to) and have a high old time while the money lasted.

It shook me. I saw that twenty thousand pounds would be *the end of little Jones as a really nice chap.*

Indeed, I remember being thankful (for him) that he was unlikely ever to be anything more than a modest clerk with a wholesale dry-goods firm.

And it seemed to be the same wherever I turned. The mere question—"What would *you* do with twenty thousand pounds?" brought out the very worst in everybody.

I found a very strange thing happening—to *me*. I found that whereas I had liked plain Smith and simple Brown and honest Robinson for what they were, I was beginning to dislike them intensely for what they could be, given the chance and the twenty thousand.

PERHAPS I WAS UNLUCKY, but I never found anybody who would not have deteriorated in character if I had suddenly handed over my money and said: "This is yours to do what you like with."

Smiling old women selling flowers in Piccadilly Circus, smiling old men selling matches and bootlaces on street corners, smiling tramps by the roadside—I found myself looking at them with a new doubt, and thinking, "I know how I could take the smile off *your* face! I

"Tell Joe we don't use the ornamental pond when it's only practice"

know how I could so warp your character that you'd never see anything to smile at again."

I sometimes told myself that if I gave twenty thousand pounds to the nicest man on earth I should turn him into the nastiest man on earth over night. I was beginning to lose my faith in human nature.

Until I met Arthur Crawley.

It may sound odd, but whereas until I started out on my usual pilgrimage my money had never been more than a bit of a nuisance to me. Now it became a kind of nightmare. I had got on quite well without it, but now it began to get on my mind.

I wanted to do good with it, and it seemed as if all I could do was harm.

I thought, thought, thought about it all day long and most of the night. I even went off my food.

I suppose I was becoming a bit cranky. There were times when I felt like standing in the middle of Trafalgar Square and shouting: "Will somebody please tell me how to get rid of a fortune?"

Yes, cranky; that's the way I was going.

And then I met Arthur Crawley.

WHO CAN DEFINE friendship? Plenty have tried, but I don't think anybody has really brought it off. You can be quite unlike and yet you can like. You can be as like as two peas and hate like demons.

There was something which we could never put into words (and being friends were too sensible to try) which attracted us from the first.

I liked the man enormously, and whereas I had been meeting other men more or less as subjects for an unusual experiment, I met Arthur Crawley straight away as a human being.

It was in a cheap little eating house down a side street, where I had gone (by now somewhat hopelessly) on my quest. We sat at the same table and got talking—about nothing of any importance at all, but it was enough. So much so on my part that I clean forgot to ask him my dog-eared question.

He was a little older than myself, a shabbyish man. His face was care-lined, but it had a very gentle expression.

It did not take me long to realise that here was a man who saw the best in everything

I felt that I didn't want to lose him.

"Do you come here often?" I asked.

"Every day except Saturdays and Sundays," he replied. "I came here when I first came to London, many years ago, and thank heaven it is still good enough for me. I like the people who frequent the place. I like the atmosphere."

ANYWAY, I WENT BACK to the little place the next day, and for a long time after that, and that was the beginning of one of the strongest—as well as one of the strangest—friendships of my life. The days before I knew Arthur Crawley seemed to belong to somebody else's experience.

And I kept my secret.

As I made no show in myself, so I made no show in my home. I still lived in the very homely flat where I had started my London life, with its two or three rooms, its plain furniture and its little row of old favourite books.

None of my neighbours ever guessed that I was more than a three-pound-a-week clerk, and I knew that I could introduce Arthur to my home life with no risk of giving the game away.

He often came round to my little place and I often went round to his. We smoked night after night away, talking about nothing but happy in each other's company.

Now, this was all right, and in a way I would have been satisfied to go on thus to the end of time. But I knew I was dodging the question

What would *he* do with twenty thousand pounds?

No, I had not the courage to risk the chance of the change.

I could see a break between us and the end of a friendship which certainly

ttered more to me by this time than twenty thousand had ever done. Whoever might be, in the fulness of e, tainted by my money, it should be my friend.

nd then, suddenly, the whole matter as it were, snatched away from

ne evening in my tiny flat we got ring (I never quite knew how) about ney—not money coin by coin, but k by sack—and he astonished me by views he held as well as by the way finished up.

Would we, here to-night, be any pier together than we are at this ment if the ceiling opened and a ll fortune descended on our laps? I 't say we couldn't do good and useful gs with it. But would we be pier?"

OULD NOT HELP myself then. I knew hat I had to ask my question even ugh I cast it in his words and not in familiar ones.

If the ceiling did open and that ll fortune did descend on your lap, t would you do with it?"

e knocked out his pipe on my grate looked round my shabby room. wly he filled his pipe, struck a match let it go out.

I'd give it away," he said.

e struck another match.

If I could find the right people to e it to," he added.

uddenly a cloud seemed to vanish of the sky, suddenly I felt as Sin- felt in the last chapter of the y. My old man of the sea jumped n off my back and ran as fast as legs could carry him.

was careful to say no more that ht. But I knew that here was a nger character than mine, broader ulders than mine to carry the burden. that was the first thing that struck about Arthur Crawley—his char- er.

knew that what had been a night- re to me would be only a pleasant am to him. He would go about ngs in a different way. He would ceed where I had failed.

At first I did nothing, giving him time forget our talk, so that he should not ociate me with what I had in mind do.

Then, when I was away in the North England for a month on business r I'd have blushed to be near him would have been certain to give the me away), I made arrangements for enty thousand pounds to be conveyed him anonymously, "to do what good h it he wished." He never knew ere it came from and I know that he er suspected me.

"He will do with it what I could not," old myself.

When I got back to London I went at ce to Arthur's flat, hoping to keep a ter face when he told the story of his ange inheritance. But the flat was sed and nobody could give me news him.

The next day I went to the little eat- house in the dingy side street, but y had not seen him there for many day. I made inquiries in the few ces where I thought they might be eful, but all to no purpose. Nowhere uld I find any news.

Arthur Crawley had gone.

And my little remaining faith in man nature had gone with him.

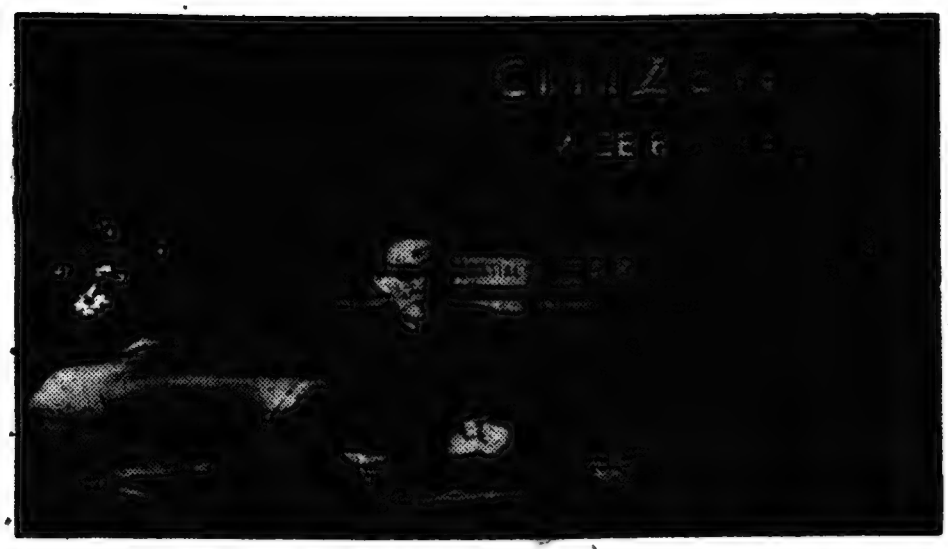
NE DAY MY SOLICITOR called to see me. "I didn't know," he said, "that you ew Arthur Crawley."

I stared at him. Where did he come ?

"*The* Arthur Crawley," he said. he cranky old philanthropist who s killed in a street accident some eks ago."

I groped for a chair and sat down.

"You seem to have made a great pression on the old boy," said my licitor. "He's left you twenty thou- d pounds in his will."



"How can I help you?" ask the 10,000 workers who smooth out people's troubles. This scene was photographed at the C.A.B. in Charing Cross Road, London

Telling England

The citizens' service that answers two-and-a-half million questions a year on everything from rent to lost relatives

by Harry Fowler

SINCE THE FLYING-BOMB ATTACKS, hundreds of worried, homeless people have helped to swell the enormous average of 7,000 questions answered every day by the Citizens' Advice Bureaux.

So great was the increase of questions in the London area that mobile teams of advice workers had to be brought in to reinforce the existing bureaux.

Behind the astonishing yearly total of 2,500,000 questions answered, is the story of a great co-operation between citizens and citizens. This country-wide service has earned the gratitude of millions.

It all began immediately after Munich week, 1938. The principal voluntary social service bodies throughout the country met in London.

Advice for All

After long discussions, it was agreed that there should be a national organisation which would give to any citizen, without distinction of class, income, sect or party, free advice on all the personal and family problems which would arise out of war.

Early in 1939, the National Council of Social Service launched a definite scheme for the establishment of Citizens' Advice Bureaux throughout the country. Now there are more than a thousand of them, and it is clear that they will continue to be necessary in the troublesome change from war to peace.

The venture has been a success from the beginning.

A worried mother, an anxious father, or an unhappy evacuee family in a strange and unfriendly town, have found advice and a cheery spirit of co-operation under the "Sign of the Owl" at the local Citizens' Advice Bureau.

Mainly Volunteers

All the little tragedies as well as the major disasters that come to families when a nation is at war, are known to the 10,000 workers who staff the Bureaux. Under the "Sign of the Owl," efficiency has been tempered with humanity, and this combination has meant success.

These 10,000 workers, of whom 90 per cent. are part-time voluntary workers, are citizens serving citizens, without the incentive of personal gain.

The volunteers, mainly women and older retired men, are first given training and practical experience in a well-established bureau. They are kept up to date by refresher courses which are arranged in various parts of the country.

People's problems have varied a good deal with the changes in the course of the war.

In the early days, evacuation of school children, and questions about allowances for serving men's families were frequent. Exemption from, or postponement of, military service and the plight of the small business man called up, were among the often asked questions.

As the war developed, the evacuation of the coastal areas, with the problems of billeting of uprooted families, and advice and direction about financial help for those in the coast towns who had lost their livelihood became urgent problems.

With the tragedy of Dunkirk came a rush of inquiries about war-widows' and disablement pensions, about allowances for wives of prisoners of war, and searches for the missing.

In 1940, with the first heavy air raids, came homeless people trudging to the Citizens' Advice Bureaux, asking for advice, for help, and for news of friends and relatives who had disappeared as a result of bombs.

Inquiries after Raids

These sad-eyed sufferers from the ravages of war needed help in claiming injury allowances, and about housing accommodation. In one area, after a bad raid, 12,000 inquiries were answered.

Perhaps one of the great attractions of this organisation is that it has been built up without the use of "big" names, or much boosted personalities. The bureaux have depended largely for their success upon ordinary people like you and me.

Their efforts have, of course, been backed by steady direction from headquarters. The charming dignity of Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, is a fitting setting for the headquarters of this national "Inquire Within" service.

On the first floor are offices which in more leisurely days were lofty rooms in a private house. There you may find the General Secretary, George E. Hayes. With him is his "right hand man," the Assistant Secretary, Miss Dorothy C. Keeling, M.B.E., J.P., a gentle voiced little woman, with a sense of humour, plus an organising brain and a sympathetic nature.

From headquarters I heard how, after a flying-bomb attack on East London, several families found that their little houses had been so badly blasted that only one or two rooms were safe to be lived in. They appealed to their landlords for lower rents until the damaged rooms could be made habitable.

They got no satisfaction, so they went to their local Citizens' Advice Bureau.

Victory for Tenants

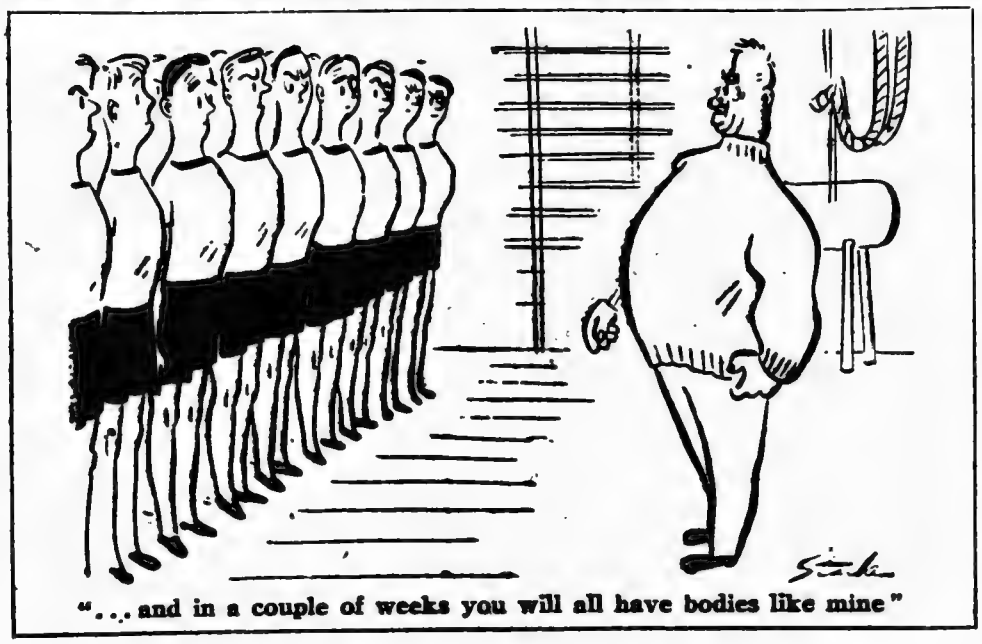
The Bureau saw that some legal action would have to be taken if the landlord would not agree on a compromise. The families could not afford the full professional fees for legal aid, but nearly every C.A.B. has an arrangement with local lawyers who undertake to help people in such circumstances. This scheme was put into action.

The case was eventually taken to the High Court and ended in a victory for the tenants, who now pay only five-eights of their normal rent. A small thing maybe, but typical of work well done.

If you want a quick view of the varied problems handled by the Citizens' Advice Bureaux throughout the country, here are some facts for July, the last month for which figures are complete:

Out of a total of 239,000 inquiries, 53,040 concerned evacuation and billeting; 32,295 were on air-raid damage to property; 16,600 on clothes rationing; 12,380 on Service questions; 12,370 on domestic family problems; 11,380 on utility furniture and bedding; 9,905 on rent and housing; 8,050 on employment problems; 7,900 on Service allowances; besides a host of miscellaneous questions ranging from getting a discharged Serviceman's job back, to providing a cot and clothing for a pair of twins soon to arrive.

The Citizens' Advice Bureaux have done a fine job during these weary years of war. They will equal or better it during the years of Peace.



"... and in a couple of weeks you will all have bodies like mine"

Free Speech

WHY NOT DISCUSS LOCAL AFFAIRS OPENLY?

This page is kept for our readers' opinions. Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform

COULD NOT JOHN BULL return to its fight for legislation to stop the ever-growing number of local councils discussing controversial affairs "in committee"? These private committees prevent the public from hearing what is said, and the Press from reporting it.

Constantly, nowadays, one reads in local papers that, when anything big, such as post-war planning, housing or social services, comes up for discussion, someone moves that the Council shall "go into committee," whereupon a blanket of silence falls. The public cannot penetrate it, even though these elected representatives of the people are discussing the people's affairs.

It should be made impossible for these secret sessions to take place. They cannot be necessary for public security. Often the only reason for them is because our representatives are afraid of criticism.—L. W., Cookham Rise, Berkshire.

Trumped-up Charges

AS A POLICE CONSTABLE in civil life. I believe in absolute fairness to those over whom it is my duty to watch. No trumped-up cases for me. That does not apply in at least one military police depot through which I have just passed. Here, unless a high rate of charges is kept up each week, the military police are looked on as guilty of neglect of duty. One rule in force when I was there was that at week-ends all patrols returning to the depot by midnight without at least one charge were made to return to town a mile or two away and perform extra duty in deserted streets till the early morning. If that doesn't compel men who are ordinarily satisfied with good order to "look for trouble," then show me what does. I wonder if those responsible for the Corps of Military Police know that things like this are going on.—Ex-Red Cap, C.M.P.

Away from It All

I DO A PART-TIME war job, and spend the rest of the time running a home against all the difficulties and irritations caused by war conditions. Conversation always turns to the war. When I pick up a paper I find war subjects on every page. The cinemas always seem to be showing war films. Yet some of my friends take a disparaging attitude to my intelligence because, when I go to the library, I always choose light romances or detective stories—anything which hasn't a background of war or current affairs. People call it escapism, but I don't care—I *need* to escape and don't mind saying so.—MRS. F. H., Hounslow, Middlesex.

Long Serviceman

I HAVE SERVED OVERSEAS since October, 1926, with six months leave in England in 1933. My last continuous period outside the United Kingdom was eleven years. A leave scheme was introduced in April, 1944, whereby Indian Army personnel could be granted sixty-one days' leave to the United Kingdom after having completed five years of continuous service overseas. I applied, but am still adding to my eleven years' stretch and have just been informed that I cannot be spared for the next two months at least. What a key-man—anybody looking for a post-war clerk?—F. W., Indian Army, Corps of Clerks.

Two winners of a national competition to choose attractive working hats. Yet many refuse to wear them and accidents, such as prompted the letter below, occur

THE GIRL WHO USED to work beside me in the factory was as pretty as can be—until a week ago. I dread to think what she will look like when she comes out of hospital. It all happened in a second. Her blonde hair was caught in the machinery.

Please drum into all your women readers who are working in factories to wear their safety hats all the time. The hats they provide at our place are quite smart, but for some reason the younger girls won't wear them. I read that in London alone two women are injured every week because they will not take proper precautions over their hair at work.—Mrs. T. Ashworth, Preston, Lancs.

Soldiers' Sundays

I WONDER IF YOUR reader who objects to Sunday theatres has ever considered the thousands of Service men and women who have nowhere to sit but a draughty hut or bleak barrack room, and nothing to do at all on Sunday except stay in bed or walk round the cold streets. Men and women in uniform would rather spend the day comfortably and quietly at home but, as they can't do that, surely they are better in a warm cinema than spending their free time in misery?—Miss Audrey L. Durham, Castleford Road, Normanton, Yorkshire.

DURING THESE DAYS of war work, when sleep is so vital to production, is it not time we were spared the renderings of Salvation Army and Boys' Brigade bands? Every Sunday morning the people of this district are awakened by the boys' trumpets and drums. After this onslaught, an afternoon nap is forestalled by the appearance of the Salvation Army band. I am not against these organisations, but surely they could stay in their own halls and let those who want to go and hear them do so.—R. B., Middlesbrough, Yorks.

Toddlers' Trials

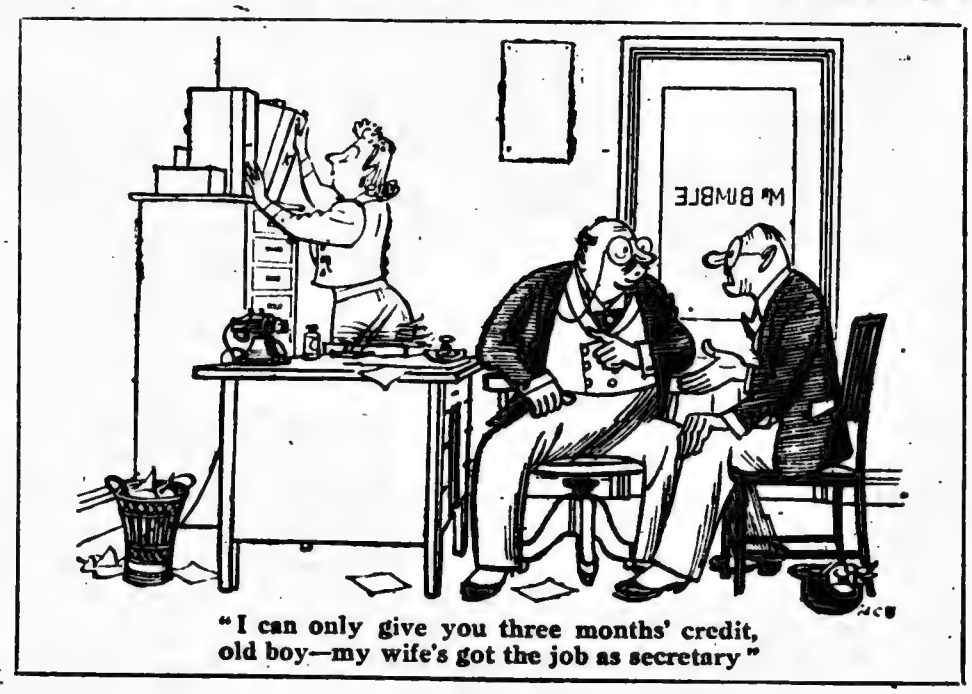
WHEN I ASKED MY SON, aged eight, to stay to dinner at school he said: "Oh no, you should see the dirt we get in our milk. What would the dinners be like?"—Mrs. E. L., Manchester.

THE CONDITION OF CHILDREN'S feet is a matter for priority consideration by the Board of Trade. Shoddy, leaking footwear won't transport our kiddies into that Golden Future of Universal Security. If they ever reach it, most of the children will be compelled to take full advantage of increased sick pay.—J. A. Rawcliffe, Glebe Street, Marsh, Huddersfield.

Gifts for Servicemen

AS AN EX-ROYAL NAVY man, may I help your correspondent who wants ideas for Christmas gifts for relatives in the Forces? First, a lighter. A man is as proud of a lighter that always works as a woman is of a new hat. Second, an autograph album which will help later to bring back memories of pals. Third, if you've got the coupons, give a plain, sleeveless pullover. Finally, one or two really difficult jig-saw puzzles will brighten many an hour after Christmas is forgotten.—W. N. Baker, Tufnell Park Road, N.7.

WE SENT THE FOLLOWING to our son serving overseas—razor-blades, two jars of brushless shaving cream, two tubes of toothpaste, four tablets of good toilet soap, and half-a-dozen Penguin books. He was delighted.—W. J. C. O'Neill, Norman Avenue, Stoke Devonport, Plymouth.



"I can only give you three months' credit, old boy—my wife's got the job as secretary"

Birth Certificate Slurs

MAJOR PROCTOR'S ARTICLE on the suffering of illegitimate children was the finest thing I've read in JOHN BULL for a long time. I am illegitimate, and have felt the slur of my "unusual" birth certificate. Though my mother and father are the best parents in the world, I found it difficult, when I was younger, to forgive them the pain I was caused through having to show my birth certificate. With Major Proctor's eloquence and JOHN BULL'S power we should get something done. — (*Name withheld*), Skegness, Lincs.

Discipline and Miners

YOUR LETTER ABOUT the need for more discipline in the mines was about the craziest thing I've read in JOHN BULL. Lads at our pit are dismissed for disobedience just as in peace time. It's a pity the mineworker who wrote to you about managers leading a dog's life hadn't got the guts to let you print his name and address. I have.—John Brown, 11, Butcher Street, Thurnscoe, Yorks.

IF DISCIPLINARY MEASURES are taken in the mines, who is going to take them? Certainly not the mineowners and managers—that would add to the accumulated abhorrence the miner feels for his employer. Is it not a fact that when the miner is on top, as at present, he kicks at the mineowner, and when the mineowners have the whip-hand they use it against the miners?

This crucial problem of mining can never be solved by force, or even by trying to patch up past differences. The only way is for the mines to be democratically run by the rightful owner—the State, which the miners trust. —G. H., Stanley Road, Lindley, Huddersfield.

Absentee M.P.s

WHAT DO WE ELECT our Members of Parliament for? To represent us in the House of Commons, of course. If an M.P. only bothers to turn up there two or three times a year he is not doing his job properly. It should be compulsory for M.P.s to put in a certain number of hours' attendance at the House each month.—VOTER, Aston, Birmingham.

LET'S HOPE THAT, at the next Election, absentee M.P.s will get what they deserve—absentee voters.—Miss P. M., Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

Oranges for Christmas?

AS GROCERY MANAGER in a shop retailing over £800 worth of goods a week, I am perturbed to see a report that the Minister of Food cannot say if and when supplies of oranges will arrive. Why promise oranges before they can be assured? So far I have received two cases—just sufficient to create discontent among my customers. We shopkeepers have enough troubles already. —J. B., Fife.

ONE GUINEA will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep your letters brief.

These books make news

Natives of a New Guinea village were the first people Vern saw after he had lost contact with Mike

FIVE WEEKS WITH DEATH

A U.S. Pilot wrote down a simple account of his trek through the New Guinea jungle. It makes exciting reading

by VINCENT BROME

IT MIGHT EASILY have become just another bale-out story following the set formula of a dozen others. It might have finished on the first day and been swallowed in much bigger things. . . .

But the night Vern Haugland stood up to negotiate the cat-walk over the open bomb-bay door, with a mass of jungle, black below, he began a story that stands out in the tales of lone treks, a story which took place in country now the centre of the war in the Pacific. . . .

"I've never seen one of these things before," he said, when they gave him the parachute, but he did not tell them the rest. He did not tell them how a girl had once said to him: "You're timid, hesitant. . . .". How heights and speeds were his two pet fears. . . .

So he jumped that night from the big bomber, and before he reached the ground was violently sick. . . . Then he picked himself up and the great trees and the undergrowth absorbed him, and the sound of the rain became the background of his life. . . .

Rain. . . . Always rain. . . . So that he woke in the mornings soaking wet. Rain which rusted away his watch, rotted his clothes, sprouted green mould in twenty-four hours.

He followed a deep creek in the beginning, and by an amazing stroke of good fortune came upon a second member of the crew. It was Mike, the co-pilot.

They decided to stick to the creek and the river, and day after day they ploughed on, sometimes in the water, sometimes on the bank. But always there was death everywhere. Death in the rain, in the fruit, even the flowers.

They Eat Grass

Hunger mounted every hour. . . . "If we could only catch a bird," Mike said. But the birds were full of guile.

Then a giant cliff of rock pushed out into the river barring their way. A torrent of water swollen by the rains rushed madly round the cliff. One man improvised a raft, the other used his life jacket.

The raft was smashed against the cliff, but Mike swam to safety. Then Haugland was sucked down by the torrent. Three times it dragged him into deep water holes, and each time he thought he was finished. But he came up again, felt solid ground under his feet, and survived.

The rain increased that night. It became a flood. Nothing was proof against it. By now, too, they knew the meaning of real hunger. There were brilliant blue-berries, but they reasoned that if the birds left them alone so should they.

And every day by some miracle they missed the thousand deaths which crawled, which grew, which germinated in the mud, and not even the fever got them.

Towards the end of the first week they were chewing the soft roots of weeds. Then they risked a few berries. Still no sudden pain. Still the rain and the jungle, but no sign of human life. Towards the second week they were eating grass.

The next evening Haugland wrote . . . "Both very weak. Feet bad."

Shortly afterwards, by agreement, they took two different routes to overcome a big barrier. . . .

The diary says. . . . "Mike went up over the hill. I started down the river, saw I couldn't make it and came back to dry my clothes. . . ."

The next evening Haughland wrote . . . "got into the river, saw couldn't make it. Absolutely no hope climbing further. . . . View on top convinced me only a miracle of God can help me now. . . ."

Healing Sun Came Out

Thirteen days later the diary says, "Dug through the worst jungle yet . . . all done in . . . If I don't die to-night I may push on along the shore a way to-morrow. . . . There is no chance for me now in this mist-filled jungle. . . ."

But still he did not lose faith entirely, still somewhere at the back of his mind, he had a notion that he was not entirely alone in this unbelievable country where the rivers sometimes ran through pitch darkness because of the thick jungle.

August 31st . . . "Reached top, for first time see great valley not too far away. . . . Dear God, help me to keep my strength"

And on September 3rd . . . "Example of how the Lord shepherded me . . . led me to rock crevice right by river where avoided heavy storm—then brought out the sun!"

And the final entry. "After tough day, worst, wettest, coldest night. Hand so numb can't write. Terrible struggle through jungle to-day. . . . Sundown—climbed, most wonderful views yet."

There is something of the faith and a touch of the nobility of Scott at the Pole, in the way this diary is written. Haugland had baled out on Friday, August 7. To keep going alone without food through that country for even three weeks was remarkable enough.

He Baffled Doctors

Haugland's lone trek lasted for five weeks before he reached a native village. He covered country which no one has visited before. He revealed physical powers which baffled the doctors.

In his book, "Letter From New Guinea," (Hammond and Hammond, 6s.), Vern Haugland sets down the whole story without attempting any literary effects. But the story comes over big. It has to. There is no stopping it. Meanwhile the man who lived it is back on his war job again.

Your Good Health

The Facts About 'Flu

by Dr. GREVILLE PARK

WITH WINTER DAMP and fogs, the colds and influenza season starts. Influenza is not the same thing as a cold. You can have 'flu without your nose running at all.

Usually, 'flu starts suddenly. You feel well one minute and terrible the next—shivering, headachy, and weak about the legs.

If you are sensible you go straight to bed.

In an uncomplicated case your temperature may be quite high at night, but normal in the morning. Resist the temptation to get up. You are pretty sure to be feverish again by evening. Only after normal evening temperature is it safe even to think about getting up.

You may feel pretty well in the mornings, but when the temperature goes up you ache all over, and toss and turn all night.

Aspirin takes the aches away and helps you to get to sleep. You may sweat like a pig in the small hours. If you can have a sponge down and a change of pyjamas you feel a lot better.

When you get up, after three or four days, you are surprised how weak you feel. Sometimes this feeling lasts several weeks. If it does, you should take things very easily or you may get palpitations and feel faint.

An iron tonic and some cod-liver oil will help you over this time.

The trouble about 'flu is that it isn't always uncomplicated. You may get all sorts of catarrhal troubles, from earache to bronchitis or pneumonia. So if you get pain on breathing or a bad cough let the doctor know about it.

Influenza is due to a virus. This has now been isolated and made into a vaccine. You can have a shot of this which will give fair protection for about three months. Have one now and another in February, and it may see you through the winter.

Above all, don't go to work with 'flu. Apart from increasing the risks to yourself, you will gravely endanger the health of others.

Wanted—50,000 Lumberjacks

by ALEXANDER DILKE

ALL OVER BRITAIN the sound of axe and saw has been heard during the war when necessity has driven us to cut down our trees ruthlessly to supply essential needs and especially pit props. But at the same time, new forests have begun to grow on hills that have been bare for generations.

To-day these plantations are comparatively small and the saplings are slender. But they are the heralds of a new policy for Britain, a policy of afforestation that in ten years will enable us to draw 35 per cent. of our timber from our own forests, instead of the 5 per cent. we got before the war.

In fifty years, we shall have 5,000,000 acres of Britain covered in beautiful and profitable trees, saving imports and acting as a safeguard if ever war should come again.

Planting these millions of acres is going to make jobs for thousands of "lumberjacks," or more correctly foresters.

There were about 20,000 employed in our woodlands at the beginning of the war. Soon after demobilisation we may expect the number to increase to at least 30,000, and the complete programme will require 50,000 foresters continually at work.

Their jobs will include planting and nursing the young trees, thinning out the plantations and generally keeping the forests in good order, as well as felling and clearing the mature timber.

The modern forester needs to be something more than a strong and healthy man. He must be a craftsman, with considerable technical knowledge.

At least two years goes to his training. He must have also, of course, an instinctive love of the woods and country, and a man afraid of loneliness or with a wife who feels lost without shops and cinemas round the corner wouldn't settle down to the work.

Inevitably the forester's cottage is often remote and isolated. Under present arrangements in the great forests springing up in the Border country, the forester gets a cottage and garden for just over 4s. a week, and, if he wants it, he can get another 10 acres to run a smallholding of his own for 2s. a week.

The new cottages—and it is estimated at least 12,000 will be needed—will probably be built with an eye to establishing "forest communities," simplifying the problems of schooling for the children, shopping for the women and amusements for the whole family.

ONE OF THESE community villages is already being planned in the Forest of Ae in Dumfriesshire, a forest covering 90,000 acres in the Border lands, of which half has already been planted.

Britain's new forests will be in all parts of the country, but they are being planned to interfere with agriculture as little as possible.

In future farming and forestry will go on side by side. In the Border country, the 90,000 acres of forest is part of 130,000 acres of land acquired by the Forestry Commission. The rest, generally on the lower slopes of the hills, is being farmed. Another 250,000 acres may be acquired here.

Great progress has been made in recent years in forestry in Britain. After expensive experiments with forests that refused to grow, we know what kind of trees will grow on different kinds of soil and in different climates.

Pine, larch, Douglas fir, oak, ash, beech and sycamore are being planted.

Some of the seed is imported, but most of it is gathered by foresters from English trees and sown in nurseries.

Fascinating and hard, but healthy work awaits many who feel the call of the forest and the land.

"I AM HAVING GREAT difficulty in persuading my boy, aged eleven, to take his church-going seriously. I have to drag him there or he would not go at all. He is an intelligent lad with a strong character, and I am anxious for him to grow up a good Christian; but at present I confess I seem to be up against a brick wall. I don't think I expect too much—Sunday-school regularly and one service in church.

"Unfortunately, my husband is not helpful. He is a Christian gentleman in every way, but he is no churchgoer. Our clergyman seems to have little understanding of children and child psychology."

It is very much to be doubted whether compulsory church attendance does any good at all. Children who have been forced to attend against their will often drop church-going altogether as soon as they leave home.

Let us see things from the boy's point of view. His father is a man of excellent character but does not go to church! The clergyman doesn't understand children. That may be the root of the problem. Where the clergyman does understand them and takes a live interest in them they attend willingly enough. Try to find a church in your district which has a special service for the young. A child is often bored by the ordinary adult service.

"SHORTLY AFTER MY BEST friend's son got a commission in the Services he approached me for a loan to get him out of a hole. Without asking for details I lent the money. He keeps promising to repay, but has never done so. I now need the money because of illness.

"The boy is living a fast life, and he could pay if he made an effort. His parents are quite well off and I know they would repay me if I mentioned it to them. But they would be very upset if they knew about it, and naturally I am loth to tell them."

Business men usually decline to lend money without some security, and the fact that you asked for none shows that you had faith in the young man's sense of honour. This sense might be revived if you explain to him that you are now seriously in need of the money. You should not inform his parents unless you are convinced that this is the only way to recover the debt. Then a hint to the young man that you will be obliged to do so may have the desired effect. If he cannot pay in full he might at least send a part payment now, and make arrangements to pay the rest by degrees.

"I OFTEN SUFFER FROM fits of depression. Well-meaning people say to me, 'Don't let it get you down!' But this advice seems easier to give than to carry out.

"How does one set about the business of 'not letting it get you down'?"

We most of us meet times when we look at life, as it were, through smoked glasses, and our own position seems far worse than anybody else's. Now and then these moods may, of course, be caused by physical conditions, such as liver or digestion out of order. But in a great many cases they are due to a form of self-pity.

Do not allow your thoughts to dwell on your own "miserable" position. Instead of turning them inwards on to yourself, turn them outwards on to other people. Go and help someone else in their troubles and you'll forget your own! Get some interesting books, join a club, take up some spare-time work—see life from some other person's environment, and you won't have time or inclination to worry about whether life is "getting you down" or not.

"John Bull" Inquiry Bureau Conducted by "Humanist"

LOOK AT IT FROM THE BOY'S SIDE

It's a mistake to force church attendance. A young man's debt of honour. How can one cure depression?

Interned in Switzerland

M. S., Liskeard: If you write to the Foreign Relations Department of the British Red Cross, Clarence House, St. James's, London, S.W.1, giving full details, they may be able to ascertain the whereabouts of your American cousin who was interned in Switzerland.

E. R., Huddersfield: The Ministry of Supply will be responsible for the disposal of any surplus Government welding apparatus and machinery that may become available. As far as possible, surplus stores will be disposed of through the normal manufacturing and wholesale trade channels.

O. M., Histon: Application for a refund of National Health Insurance contributions should be made to the Ministry of Health, Insurance Department, Blackpool, Lancs. A refund is only admissible if contributions have been paid in error.

J. C., Arrochar: Rubber shares must be regarded as long-term speculations. The estates of most of the better known companies are in enemy hands, and the absence of revenue since Japanese occupation has prevented dividends being paid.

A. Y., Rugby: As you were over sixty-two years of age when you married, and your wife was not in receipt of a widow's pension prior to remarriage, she cannot qualify for old age pension in right of your insurance before the expiration of three years from the marriage.

H. J., Oldham: Money in the bank is not in itself taxable, but any interest received must be shown in the taxpayer's income tax return. It will either be assessed separately or treated as a deduction from his allowances for the purpose of his P.A.Y.E. coding.

E. W., Leicester: The King's Fund is able to make temporary grants to help those disabled or bereaved by war service in special circumstances of need or distress, provided that the object in view is outside the scope of Government liability. The Fund is unable to give a continuing weekly grant for maintenance in supplement of pension. Application should be made to the Chief Regional Officer of the Ministry of Pensions for your district. The address can be obtained at your local post office.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Ex-Servicemen and dependants are helped by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Last Week To Win Your Xmas Cake!

RESULT No. 1,451—FIRST PRIZE, £250

E. Sargeant, 4, Cunningham Road, Westhoughton, Bolton.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE
"NEW ORDER" *You* ORDER.

£20: Mrs. K. Brett, 78, Seymer Road, Romford, Essex. Winston's Monument—Is *Britain* "On Pedestal."

£10: Capt. L. A. Morrison, Somewhere-in-Britain. Up Went A House And—Six Ministries Congratulated Themselves!

£5: W. G. Critchlow, 26, North Street, Chester. Winston's Might—No "Ifs" Or "Perhapses."

£4: Mrs. J. Abbott, 9, Farnley Square, Hull. Tottering Germany—Buying Time—Allies, Biding.

£3: A. Higgins, "The Tufts," Bream, Glos. Winston's-Face—Belies What Winston's Faced.

£2: A. H. Ray, 38, Sixth Avenue, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne. In His Dreams—He "Walks"—With Nurse.

For winners of 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., and 30s., see this week's "Bullets" Bulletin. A list of 25 winners of 10s. and 50 of 5s. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards also posted.

NOWHERE but in *Bullets* can you win as much as £250 for a few well-chosen words. Nowhere can you buy a better Christmas Cake than the 100 finally offered as *Bullets* prizes this week.

Why leave all these cheques and Christmas fare for other readers? Settle down for an amusing half-hour on *Bullets* and that £250 Joy Wire on Friday, December 15 may be yours!

ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to Any "EXAMPLE"—Use Coupon Below

TO make up a good *Bullet*, simply add 2, 3 or 4 WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*. See winners adjoining

THIS CHRISTMAS	IN THE FIGHT
FROM WAR TO PEACE	FRITZ'S WIFE
NATION OF OPTIMISTS	AT THE NEXT ELECTION
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT	FOR BABY'S SAKE
WHAT HE WANTED	TOMMY'S REWARD
GOING WRONG	"QUIET, PLEASE!"
FOR THE POOR	AT SANDY'S TEA-SHOP
I'M GLAD TO SAY	OUT OF BUSINESS
HOPE FOR THE FUTURE	FLUTTER IN THE DOVE-COTES
IN OUR HEARTS	
TALKING POLITICS	

If using any incomplete Example below, simply fill in ONE word of your choice where dotted line occurs. Then build your "Bullet" as usual.

WINSTON AND..... RULE
UNDER .....
SHORT OF.....
ABOUT THE.....
IN EVERY.....
MIGHT BE A.....

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Xmas Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. Only a silly goat would lose his very often—KI□. 2. It encourages speaker to know audience's passions are this—KIND□ED. 3. Picturesque ones are commonly found round historic town—WAL□S. 4. Girl's this depends great deal on her father's position—□OT. 5. It's better to have the right fare if getting in this—TR□M. 6. Unpopular Parliamentary Bill is commonly—REVI□ED. 7. This one can be quite suitable for some purposes—VOI□E. 8. Outside their pet subjects, specialists usually turn out to be—ASSE□. 9. Plays big part in land warfare even to-day—FO□T. 10. You don't expect much from one—□ET. 11. Old-fashioned name for a girl—MA□D. 12. Can cover the ground in very short time—WIN□ER. 13. Old this often makes a man more talkative—A□E. 14. Can be very tiresome and depressing—CHIL□.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers, including payment for December 16 *Gazette*. Last day to post—Monday, December 4. Address: Xword 407, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

TWO BIG CHEQUES WON IN X-WORD 403

WINNING WORDS:

1. FROCK. 2. BALL or BAWL. 3. WELLS. 4. WEE. 5. BOARD. 6. YANKS. 7. WAD. 8. PLAY. 9. WIN or WIT. 10. BORE. 11. GAMBLE. 12. DIET. 13. BOLTS. 14. MEDALS.

350 SHARERS: E. Austin, 58, Greenhill Gardens, Herne Bay, Kent; H. Pawsey, 88, Archway Street, Barnes, S.W.13.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to these Rules.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. and stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,455, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Dec. 16.

2 FREE BULLETS For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OR COUPON HERE.

P.O. Value..... ....

No.....

"BULLETS" No. 1,455.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, DEC. 4.

DUTY FREE SMOKES

For Royal Navy and H.M. Forces Overseas

"The parcels of tobacco which I send to my husband who is serving in India are arriving regularly in excellent condition. From time to time I see in the Press complaints about the non-arrival of tobacco parcels, and I thought you might like to hear that in this case, at any rate, things are very satisfactory."

(Sgd.) P.M.H., 26th September, 1944.

This extract is typical of many letters received, and we take a justifiable pride in our service. Ask your tobacconist for the official label/order form or in case of difficulty apply direct to us, George Dobie & Son Ltd., Duty Free Dept., 6, Canalside St., Paisley, Scotland. On receipt of a completed form by your tobacconist or by ourselves your order will receive IMMEDIATE attention. All goods sent to the more distant fronts are vacuum packed to ensure arrival in perfect condition after long transit and cost only quarter of the home price.

Note: The Post Office has temporarily suspended despatch of private parcels to Prisoners of War.

FOUR SQUARE
TOBACCOS & CIGARETTES

FOR QUICKER, SMOOTHER, COOLER SHAVES

Change to COLGATE *Brushless* SHAVE CREAM

Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water) — for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

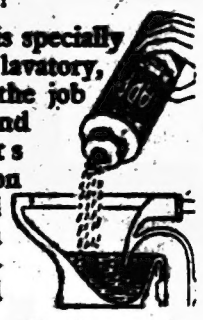
How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time).

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

Because it is specially made for the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration — cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use — a real boon to the housewife.



Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

HARPIC

"What with the high quality of its goods and services, its encouragement to thrift, its tendency to equalisation between man and man, what, above all, with the good fellowship which it promotes between consumer, producer and distributor, the Co-operative Movement seems to me to have established a good title to be regarded as an advance version of the Socialist society in which we all believe."

C. E. M. JOAD.

N.B.—Nine million Co-Operators in Great Britain own the 900 factories and warehouses that manufacture C.W.S. goods.

Issued by the
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LIMITED

GUARD YOUR TEETH...
...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by regular cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia'*, recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia this day and make sure to use it—night and morning.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

MIRRORS SHINE IN NO TIME!
WINDOLENE ON A SOFT CLOTH
STRIP IT OVER THE WHOLE SURFACE—IT FOAMS & WORKS FILM
LET IT DRY A MOMENT, GIVE A QUICK POLISH — AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

No more water splashing all over the carpet — goodbye to most unpleasant Windolene chores for a while. Windolene cleans in a jiffy, removes all grease and dirt, gives a clear, lasting gloss. Get some from your grocer or ironmonger, and see how it quickly your mirrors and windows shine in no time. 1/2 a bottle.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

BUY HIM A SHARPEX STROPPER

WARNER
Pifco SHARPEX
RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER
Obtainable from good-class Chemists and Ironmongers
4/6

So Soft . . . So Safe
So Secure
SENTINEL
ALL COTTON WOOL
HYGIENIC TOWELS
In four sizes, 1, 2, 3 and 4 (maternity).
Also suitable with loops.
From all chemists, drapers and stores.
Splendor Ltd. Nottingham
Baby and Sanitary Wear Manufacturers

You can't be alert and on top of your job if your bloodstream isn't clean. So—

—every morning take
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

This FAMILY says

"When there is any sign of indigestion we have a family habit of taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It never fails."

The cause of digestive upsets is often excess acidity—set up by fermenting food. These painful symptoms can be corrected by a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals."

Ask your Chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax).

Bisurated Magnesia

I SMELL HAM and EGGS

We've practically forgotten the smell of ham and eggs. But our Noses will soon recognise them when Peace comes—unless we've got Catarrh. For a stuffed up Nose *can't* smell. And Catarrh ruins the joy of taste too. Treat Catarrh and Colds the *quick* way—with 'Mentholatum.' Just put a little of this breathable balm inside each nostril. As you breathe, cooling antiseptic vapours are drawn right up through the Nose. Their effect is 3-fold. Swelling in the Nose is reduced. Congested air passages are thus opened. Sore, irritated membranes are soothed. Breathe your Catarrh or Cold away the modern 'Mentholatum' way. Get a jar or tin of 'Mentholatum' Balm from your chemist to-day 1/5. Also in Liquid form 1/5 (inc. tax).

Ease for **Aching LIMBS**

When your muscles are bound with aches and pains or your nerves are suffering the agony of neuritis or sciatica remember the great power of Phensic to bring ALMOST INSTANT EASE. Phensic has a remarkable tonic effect, too. It not only soothes the nerves and frees muscular tissues of the poisons of pain—it releases fresh energy, creates a capacity for work. Try Phensic NOW! Two sizes: 1/4 & 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

Phensic
The grand tonic pain-relieving tablet!

A wait off her mind

Hercules

CYCLES

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO · LTD · Aston · Birmingham

M. 3. 44.

DIPHTHERIA IS DEADLY

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

Give your child the safeguard medical science now offers. Immunisation is safe and simple. It gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. The best time is just before the first birthday; but every child under 15 ought to be immunised. Protection takes three months to develop, so get your child treated now; it is dangerous to delay. Immunisation is free—apply to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre.

IMMUNISATION

—THE PROVED SAFEGUARD

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

F3/Sw

Health!
There's health and enjoyment in these fine V.P. Wines (Point Brand) made from selected Empire grapes. Produced here in England and though no longer plentiful they are modern

V.P. WINES

POINT BRAND

RICH RUBY ★ SWEET WHITE ★ BRITISH SHERRY 6/3 PER BOTTLE

Vine Products Ltd. cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

'Retire? Not me, sir!

. . . I retired once, it's true, but that was before the war. Then, when my two boys joined up, I felt it was time I got back into harness. No, not the Army—too old for that, I'm afraid. But I found plenty to do in running our local Savings Group and I'm proud to have been able to help. . . . What? Take it easy after the war? No, sir! There'll be the job of repairing the damage and putting the country back on a peacetime footing and Savings will be needed as much as ever.'

We've got to Keep on Saving!

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL COMMITTEE IN THE AUTUMN SAVINGS OFFENSIVE

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Famel

CONQUERS

coughs

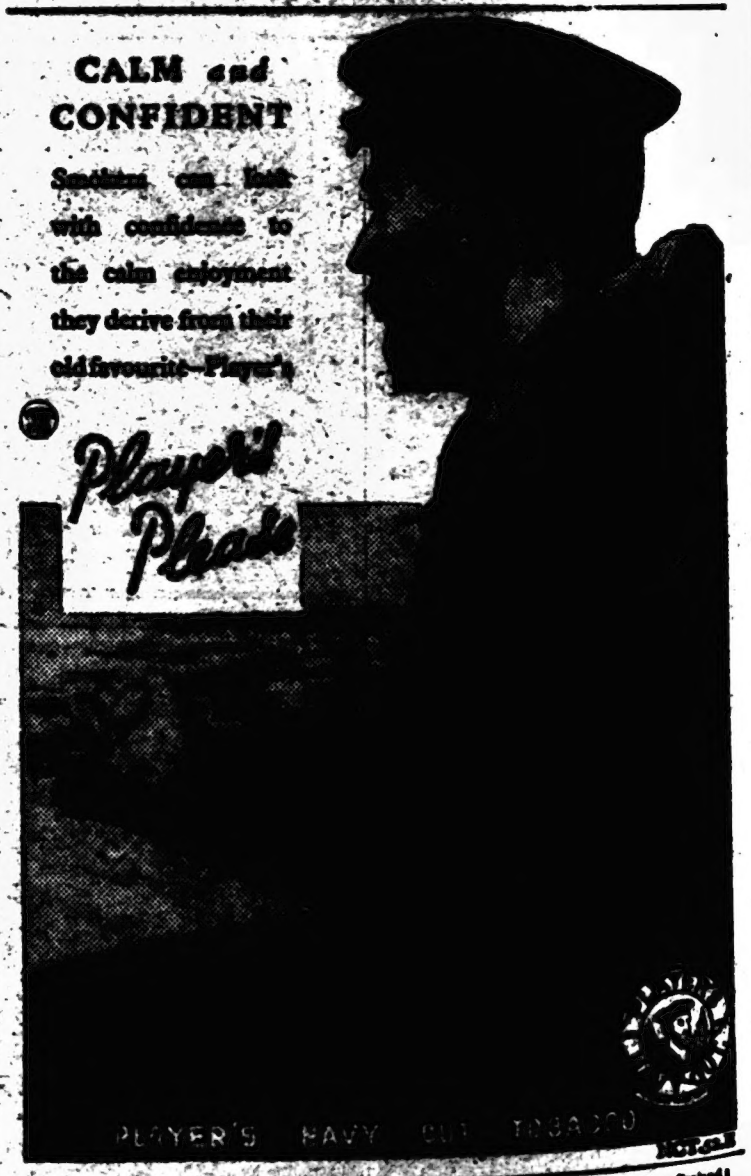
FAMEL SYRUP
(BRAND)

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex

CALM and CONFIDENT

Smokers can look with confidence to the calm enjoyment they derive from their old favourite—Player's

Player's Please



Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agents for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., 480 Hamilton Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.